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COALITION.

NOW that the alliance between Conservatives and Liberals against Mr. PARNELL and Mr. GLADSTONE has ended in a complete victory for the allies, it is very natural that men should ask, What next? As far as the past is concerned, things are satisfactory enough. The sufficient majority of a few weeks ago is turned into a majority for which sufficient is a very insufficient word. The joint action has been well directed, and it is unnecessary to say any more about the undoubted slackness on the part of certain of the Liberal rank and file which has caused some Conservative grumblers to ask whether it would not have been better for the Conservative tub to stand on its own bottom only. Certainly there is no valid cause of complaint on the other side; the few cases in which the compact has been broken by Conservatives only emphasizing the rule. Indeed, in some of these few there has been no real breach; the Unionist, as in the case of Mr. McIVER at Torquay, being a Unionist of such extremely doubtful orthodoxy that he could hardly claim the benefit of the act. The silly people who in one breath upbraid the Conservatives with this Torquay election, and extol Mr. McIVER as "an independent" Liberal with generous views on the Irish question, forget that in thus describing him they are fully justifying Mr. MALLOCK. A man cannot have what in the very peculiar Gladstonian vocabulary are called "generous" views on the Irish question and be entitled to Unionist support. But it is unnecessary to dwell on these bygones. The Unionist majority is secured, and secured by dint of the vigorous and intelligent co-operation of patriotic Englishmen of all three parties—Conservatives, Liberals, and Radicals. It only remains to be decided how this majority is to be used, and the word Coalition has naturally come to be in all mouths.

It has not, however, been used in all those mouths with a full consciousness of the circumstances of the case. The battle is only half fought—or rather, to speak accurately, the fighting has not even begun; what has been going on hitherto being merely the mustering of forces. There is obviously no intention on the other side of accepting the verdict of the nation as final. Mr. LABOUCHERE, as might have been expected, wants Mr. GLADSTONE to stick to power at all hazards, to work as much as possible the levers afforded by the differences in the Unionist party on points other than the Union, to justify himself in so doing by the fact of there not being a clear nominal Tory majority, and to trust to the chapter of accidents. The same sage and serious politician in his paper, if not in his own name, calls for a guerilla war of obstruction by the whole Parnellite party, English and Irish, in the patriotic hope that what has been refused to a demand at least constitutional in form will be granted to the sheer pressure of the intolerable. It is not known how far Mr. GLADSTONE will listen to these appeals; though it is sufficiently evident from his recent conduct and utterances that nothing but a sense of their probable inexpediency would restrain him from so doing. And it is clearly as difficult as it is unadvisable that the measures for neutralizing the mischief should be concerted by the Tory party alone. They require, for the sake of efficiency no less than for that of fairness, the endorsement of all the parties to the Union League, and it is difficult to see how that is to be obtained unless these parties put their services at the disposal of the Crown in the only way known to the Constitution. It is nearly

certain that, whether Mr. LABOUCHERE's patriotic advice is listened to or not, some vigorous steps in the direction of regulating procedure will have to be taken, even if Mr. GLADSTONE should save a little preliminary trouble by resigning. It is quite certain that it would be both invidious and unwise to take such steps as if for the benefit of one party only. The tactics of the Separatists have had at least this merit; they have proclaimed their own unscrupulousness without scruple. It would be indeed a pity if warning were not taken when it is so freely offered.

This, however, all reasonable men have already seen, and some have said. What seems more to have escaped notice (unless it be that it has been deliberately shirked as an awkward subject) is that joint action is required in something much more important, complicated, and difficult than mere self-defence. Most of the Unionist leaders, of whatever complexion, have explicitly recognized, and all must have recognized silently, that it will not do to leave Mr. GLADSTONE's proposals simply "hung up." If the Conservatives had continued in power, they were themselves prepared to bring in measures for adjusting, with due regard to the sovereignty of Parliament, the state of Local Government in Ireland and elsewhere to the changes in the Parliamentary franchise. Our own opinion on the subject both of those changes and of the subsequent changes which they involve has not varied a jot. But the connexion between the changes effected and the changes to come is not affected by any one's opinion. Household suffrage may be (we think it is) a very much worse instrument of government than a restricted franchise; but when you have it you cannot have the methods of local administration which were suited to a restricted suffrage. It is only by recognizing this fact, and by endeavouring to meet it in a constitutional, equitable, and safe manner, that Mr. GLADSTONE's unconstitutional, unjust, and dangerous methods of meeting it can be made impossible. There was and is just this amount of truth in the otherwise preposterous claim that the Gladstonian plans "hold the field." Until a solid Unionist majority had been obtained in Parliament, no competition could be even tried; such competition now can be tried, and must be. And in order to be of any effect it must be competition by means of schemes on which Conservatives and Liberals are united, and on which their union is expressed by the leaders of both parties, sharing not merely in the support, but in the construction, of the alternative plan. Only in this way can the Parnellite party under its two present leaders (Mr. PARNELL and his lieutenant Mr. GLADSTONE) be checkmated.

These considerations deprive of all importance for the moment the very well-known and very well-founded objection to coalitions. A coalition is generally suspect because it has the air of a conspiracy to obtain place at the expense of principle. There is nothing of that sort here. The Parliament of 1886 has been elected, and the Ministry, whatever it is, which is to succeed Mr. GLADSTONE's will have been selected, in the strictest sense *ad hoc*—for the purpose of settling the question of the government of Ireland in the first place, of the relations of local and central government in the second, and for no other end or purpose whatsoever. For this end and purpose, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is as much a member of the party designated by the nation for power as Lord SALISBURY, Lord HARTINGTON, or Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. There is no compromise or transaction, no bargain or conspiracy in any one of the four taking part with any or all of the rest in carrying out

the mandate which the nation has imposed on them by a majority of more than two to one throughout Great Britain, by a majority of nearly three to one in England. When that mandate is carried out circumstances will no doubt be altered, and it will be a question what new arrangements can or may be made for the carrying on of the government of the country. But for the present there is nothing before the country except the interment (without honours) of Mr. GLADSTONE's schemes, and those schemes can only be safely stowed underground by the united action of all Unionists in building them a durable tomb of safe and just measures for the settlement of the question, and for the enforcement of the settlement against all transgressors. We do not see that there is a single member of the Unionist majority whose right—nay, whose duty—it is not to take part in effecting this settlement. And it will be a very unfortunate thing if the remembrance or the anticipation of irrelevant differences and the interested taunts of the Gladstonian remnant prevent any member, according to his degree, from joining in the work of initiation as well as in that of support, of direction as well as of subordinate work.

THE LAST ELECTIONS.

THE last half of an election is always rather a trying time for impatient politicians. The returns, which during the period of borough voting rise at the rate of forty or fifty a day, become languid and dribbling; there is a long interval between polling and declaration; and the same results appear in evening and morning papers—a sure sign of dearth. On the present occasion this state of things was aggravated by the fact of an unusually large number of county and other elections having gone without a poll, so that the late returns were fewer than usual. Yet there has been a certain interest in the other fact that in almost all the elections of the past week—certainly in five out of every six—the Tory party could not lose, and might win. These constituencies were the scenes of the chief disasters of last year, the triumphs (how soon changed! of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS), the happy Arcadias of the three acres and a cow. So largely were the Parnellite, Scotch, and out-and-out Gladstonian seats in the majority that the advantage of the Tories over all other parties combined—an advantage which they had maintained for the first ten days of the election—began slowly to disappear, notwithstanding the repeated gains of seats from the enemy. Indeed, the Conservative triumph has been not less marked in the counties than in the boroughs, and the Gladstonian reverses are in individual cases not less startling. That Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN followed Mr. GOSCHEN's ill-luck was a misfortune partly compensated by the fact that the second of a very different pair, Mr. ARCH, also followed his colleague, Mr. LEICESTER, into Parliamentary exile. In vain was the celebrated address to the horny-handed issued; the horny-handed have had enough of Mr. ARCH in half a twelve-month. It is evident, from the course of the Devonshire and Cornwall elections, that, if the Conservatives had been less scrupulous in observing the compact, Mr. McIVER's would have been by no means the only Western Unionist seat put to the credit of their party; while the reaction in East Anglia, the other great seat of Conservative disasters last autumn, has been most striking. Indeed, it is difficult to pitch upon any district except a small, though thickly populated, belt of the mining and manufacturing region of Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland, in which Mr. GLADSTONE's defeat has not been crushing. He has held his ground with some difficulty in Wales, owing to his own flatteries and the desperate application of the "chapel screw." He has gained a little in Scotland, very much to the discredit of that country; though towards the middle of the present week Gladstonian reverses were striking even here. The Parnellites he had already bought, or rather they had bought him. But in England proper—East, South, Centre, and West—in Lancashire as well as London, the verdict of the English people has been crushing. There still remain about a score of elections undeclared, and a few of them may, by party reverses, slightly affect the total result. As far as is known at the time of writing there are 649 members elected, of whom 311, or all but half, are Conservatives, while the other and slightly larger half consists of Gladstonians pure and simple, of the unchangeable Parnellite phalanx, and of a compact body of some 80 Liberals who have declined to take Mr. GLADSTONE's will for the sole criterion of their

political obligations, who have been assailed by him with a bitterness unprecedented in any similar case, who have losses to avenge, victories to encourage them, and a duty to their country to carry out. They have, despite all the efforts of their enemies, their leader, Lord HARTINGTON, still ready and willing to lead them, with a prestige infinitely increased by the incidents of the fight, and by the contrast of his own conduct with Mr. GLADSTONE's headlong petulance and unreasoning excitement. They are on the main question quite at one with the Conservatives, and need not, unless caprice has more influence than reason, find the slightest difficulty in co-operating with them. Their losses are heavy in weight, if not in number, but the most serious of them will no doubt be soon repaired at by-elections; and the very fact of such losses, if it has slightly diminished the numerical strength of the party, is a testimony to its sincerity, and to the recklessness with which the mere Gladstonians have postponed all considerations to that of doing Mr. GLADSTONE's best. This reduction of the matter to a mere personal question, on one side at least, would have made the ruinous defeat of his cause a serious matter in any case for Mr. GLADSTONE. When a man who has repeatedly persuaded the country to send him to power with majorities to be counted by scores and fifties over all his opponents, finds, as Mr. GLADSTONE has now found, scarcely more than a quarter of the entire House to support him directly, and not more than two-fifths of it when the faithless and mercenary gang of Parnellite members is counted in, he receives a sufficiently severe rebuff. But Mr. GLADSTONE, backing his bad luck in the very spirit of the gambler, has gone out of his way to make his defeat a personal humiliation for himself. His showers of letters and telegrams, putting the general tenor of the documents out of the question, has reminded onlookers of his personal stake in each contest; and the defeats of Mr. LEVISON-GOWER, Mr. WILSON, Captain VERNEY, and others have acquired the character of direct slaps in the face aimed at the PRIME MINISTER who has electioneered so clumsily. It only remained that Mr. GLADSTONE should send a telegram to Mr. HEALY, condoling with him on that defeat which counterbalanced Mr. SEXTON's blood-bought triumph at Belfast; but this even Mr. GLADSTONE, with a certain want of chivalry, abstained from doing.

In the whole contest, though they have not secured a gross majority for their own party, the Conservatives have undoubtedly borne off the bell. Their gains from the Gladstonians have been, in proportion to the number of seats contested (a point about this election which is specially noteworthy), at least on a level with those recorded for any party at the most complete electoral defeats and victories of recent times, and the circumstances of the whole case show that, if they had fought more seats, they would assuredly have been represented by more than a clear half of the House of Commons. The enlarged constituencies, the working-man candidates, the reduction of expenses, and the other bugbears which not long ago were considered by exultant Radicals so formidable that they anticipated a House of Commons with not a hundred Conservatives in it, have proved what a defeated Radical at the present contest called "verbal bogeys." Better still, the whole party has obviously aroused itself from that fatal indolence to which it is liable, and which has so often turned to the profit of its adversaries. It has not even now been always well advised; for it is still a remarkable fact that the professed Conservative press very seldom rises to the level of a difficult situation. But it has been excellently handled by its party leaders, and has displayed its power of fighting a soldiers' battle as well as any party in English history. Never, perhaps, though some of the maladroit public writers already referred to have done their best to diminish this merit, has a great party fought better in every way, and certainly it has never fought for a better object. Never also have more curious marks of demoralization and disgust been shown by the party which has been defeated. The prompt and judicious manœuvre by which, when the fight was not half over, the only supporter of Gladstonianism in the London morning press furled its flag—in other words, struck out the headings of "Conciliation or Coercion," "Mr. GLADSTONE or Lord SALISBURY," &c., which had in large capitals decorated its front and hid away all the details of the elections comfortably on an inner page—must have been noticed by not a few readers, and must have caused not a little amusement. So have we seen (as the poets of the last century would have said) a judicious,

though disappointed, partisan of Oxford or Cambridge at Mortlake quietly put his dark or light blue favours in his pocket when the other boat is fifteen lengths ahead, with his own men breaking their hearts in hopeless spurts behind.

THE DEGREE OF D.C.

IN these days of author-critics and of manager-collaborators there seems to be a tumultuous turbulence in the theatrical world. The greenroom has become a Donnybrook Fair of discourteous discussion, and the dramatist of the day runs amuck through the thick of his fellow-dramatists. The Brethren of the Sock-and-Buskin do not dwell together in unity with their Brethren of the Pen-Pastepot-and-French-Dictionary. Mr. COMYNS CARR girds at Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, and Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS girds up his loins and goes for Mr. COMYNS CARR. "Inquisitor" writes to the *Era* that Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER was once guilty of a clap-trap melodrama, and on the rack Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER confesses that the charge is true. Collaborators reveal the secrets of their collaboration, and condemn each other to instant execution without the benefit of clergy. Altogether it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and Sir LUCIUS O'TRIGGER would delight in it, although its issue is not more likely to be fatal than that of the paper-war between ROBERT ACRES, Esq., and one Ensign BEVERLY. It looks almost like the triangular duel in MARRYAT's novel, multiplied many times; for the author is firing at the manager and the manager is taking aim at the critic, who from long practice has got the range of the author. All things considered, we are inclined to think that the actor has come out of the fight to best advantage so far, and the author-critic and manager-dramatist have got the worst of it. We are inclined to think also that they ought now to call a halt in the fight and to sign a truce, if only to bury their dead. Is not the noise and turmoil and vehemence of a general election deafening enough now, and may we not be spared a repetition on the mimic stage of the confusion and the commotion which we have been forced to endure of late? Let us cast our eye across the Channel and see whether they order these matters better in France. We discover that, although the Municipal Council of Paris has at last thrown open a strangers' gallery for the quicker dissemination of sound (or at least loud-sounding) political doctrine, yet M. POREL, the accomplished comedian and the adroit manager of the Odéon Theatre, has just been decorated with the order of the Legion of Honour. We discover also that, although the ORLEANS Princes have been expelled from the coasts of France, yet Mlle. LÉONIDE LEBLANC is about to receive the palms of an officer of Academy. "Palmas que meruit ferat." Just what an *officier d'Académie* may be, and what his duties or his functions, and what service Mlle. LÉONIDE LEBLANC has rendered to the State to deserve this high reward, we do not pretend to declare. But the bestowal of this boon on this lady would probably meet with the full approval of Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, who once wrote an essay on the "Literary Uses of Academies," in which, unless our memory is at fault, he showed plainly and beyond all peradventure that, in consequence of the existence of the French Academy, the French cribs of classic authors were much better than the English, and that the good M. PANCKOUKE was more worthy of honour than the good Mr. BOHN. And this suggests to us that perhaps organization would improve the manners and tone of English dramatic critics. It cannot be denied that English dramatic critics are now only individuals scattered here and there, each speaking for himself, and that they might become a solid body, having authority, and firmly united in self-defence like the Royal Academicians. Let them band themselves together in a guild. Let them form another Trade-Union. Let them unite in an Institute which shall become an institution. It may be that HER MAJESTY might be graciously pleased to grant permission that this compact body of writers about the stage should be called the Royal Institute of Dramatic Critics. Then might the critic of the *Times* and the critic of the *Daily Telegraph* append to their signatures the pleasing symbols, R.I.D.C., to which they could point with pride in the manner of Dr. PANGLOSS—the Dr. PANGLOSS of GEORGE COLMAN the younger, not the Dr. PANGLOSS of VOLTAIRE the always young.

The organization of the Royal Institute of Dramatic

Critics would give dignity to the guild of writers about the stage; it might also be a means of instruction in the learning needed by those who aspire to this arduous profession. The duty of the dramatic critic is indeed doubly difficult to discharge; for he has the twofold obligation of judging a play which he knows only through the medium of the players and of judging the players whom he knows only through the medium of the play. And this double difficulty is well nigh trebled by the hot haste in which he has frequently to formulate his opinion. The critic of literature may criticize at his leisure, and the critic of pictorial or plastic art may prepare at his ease his nice derangement of epitaphs; but the critic of the acted drama often has to work while the impatient printing press is pawing the air. Not only is the duty difficult to perform and performed under great difficulties, but its proper performance is of the highest importance to art and literature and the drama. Yet the dramatic critic is as often as not a man who has given no proof whatever of his knowledge, his judgment, or his skill. No man may occupy any of the higher posts in the Civil Service of the German Empire who has not his University diploma to prove that he is at least an educated man; and we confess that we do not see why the organization of the Royal Institute of Dramatic Critics might not bring about a system of examinations for the degree of dramatic critic. As no man may style himself M.D., or D.D., or D.C.L. of his own volition merely, so no man should presume to declare himself a D.C. until, like Sir JOSEPH PORTER, K.C.B., he had taken "the pass-examination at the Institute." There should be a carefully prepared scheme of instruction, with many lectures, and proper arrangement for the equivalent of laboratory work. Advantage might be taken of this foundation to endow research into the history of the drama, in the working out of the details of which much yet remains to be done. Probably it would be advisable to adjoint to the examining board appointed by the R.I.D.C. certain outsiders, *ex officio*—the President of the Royal Academy, for instance, the Chaplain of the Church and Stage Guild, the Editor of the *Era*, and the managers of the three former patent theatres—Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Haymarket.

This is of course a mere outline of the scheme, and we do not offer it as anything else. It is a suggestion only, a bundle of hints, and no more. In the early days of the Royal Institute of Dramatic Critics, and before practice had made perfect, one of the most toilsome and troublesome tasks would be the preparation of proper examination papers fitted to test the candidate's knowledge of the history of the stage, of the principles of the art of acting, of the technicalities of the theatre, and of the formulas of dramatic criticism. Certain of the questions should be framed expressly to get an exact statement of the candidate's personal history, previous experience, and characteristic peculiarities. With the view of furthering the work of the R.I.D.C., whenever it shall be organized, and of making its examinations for the degree of D.C. as thorough and as rigid as they ought to be, we have thrown on paper a few questions of the kind which, in our opinion, ought to be propounded to the candidate. Here they are:—

- I. What is your name, how old are you, and what degrees, if any, have you already taken?
- II. What practical experience of the stage have you either as author, actor, or amateur?
- III. Did you ever (a) translate, (b) adapt, (c) write a play, or (d) collaborate in writing, adapting, or translating a play?
- IV. Was it ever acted? If so, under what name, true or false? If not, why not?
- V. What is a "length"?
- VI. What do you understand by the term "lines of business"?
- VII. What is the difference between the Leading Man and the Juvenile Lead?
- VIII. What is your opinion of DIDEROT's *Paradoxe*?
- IX. What are the three unities?
- X. What is the Legitimate Drama? Is a Farce less lawful than a Tragedy? And why should any form of the drama be forced to wear the bend sinister?
- XI. Why should you always avoid the use of the terms (a) "double-entendre"; (b) "title-rôle"; (c) "rendition of the character"; (d) "realized the author's meaning"?

- XII. What is the difference between playing a Star engagement and an engagement *als Gast*?
- XIII. What relation has the Italian *Commedia dell' arte* to the English Pantomime?
- XIV. Define and explain the difference between a Ballad Opera, a *Comédie-vaudeville*, a *Comédie à ariettes*, and a *Posse mit Gesang*.
- XV. What is the exact meaning of *mise-en-scène*, and for what is it often ignorantly misused?
- XVI. Is HAMLET a "character-part," and if not, why not?

PAID MEMBERS.

THERE is no reason for regretting either that a few working-men have been returned to the present House of Commons or that their number has been somewhat diminished. It was natural that some artisans and even labourers should think that their interests would be most effectually promoted by representatives selected from among themselves. The principal officers of the trade societies had already acquired by proof of their business capacity the confidence of large bodies of constituents. Such men as Mr. BURT and Mr. BROADHURST have, in fact, long since passed by their occupation in important affairs out of the sphere of manual labour. Mr. BROADHURST may probably have been a good workman in early life, but he owes his present position to his administrative ability. His appointment to the post of Under-Secretary of State was probably intended by Mr. GLADSTONE to conciliate the support of the masses, but it was not in itself flagrantly improper. The other working-class members were for the most part political agitators, who had made themselves known by their activity and by their gift of popular speaking. They would have carried more weight in the House if they had not uniformly expressed the most extreme opinions, and if they had not formed themselves into a separate knot or group which affected to possess an organization of its own. It is unnecessary to remark that they were, without exception, devoted to Mr. GLADSTONE, whose habit of appealing almost exclusively to passion, to instinct, and to feeling commanded the sympathies of his various sets of followers in proportion to their ignorance of history and of political tradition. Mr. LEICESTER's adulation of Mr. GLADSTONE was almost more extravagant than that of cultivated Radicals or Separatists, and it was apparently more sincere. The new comer into the political world was evidently unable to understand why so good and great a statesman should not be allowed to exercise absolute power within and without the walls of Parliament. It is not among the petty demagogues of Radical clubs that the theory or practice of freedom is understood.

Advocates of successive extensions of the suffrage have always asserted that enfranchised workmen would distribute themselves among different political sections, and not act as a separate body. The result of the present election will perhaps be thought to justify the sanguine anticipations which were formed; but the working-class members have not yet exhibited any capacity of independent judgment. In their constituencies, as in Catholic Ireland, there is no representation of minorities; and the most extreme faction chooses congenial nominees. According to the high authority of Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, the manners of the working-class members compare advantageously with those of their more fortunate colleagues; and since, as the returns prove, the classes now outnumber the masses, the two great sections of the community may perhaps have exchanged their former characteristics. It is highly invidious to draw any comparison of the kind. Good breeding is often innate; but lifelong submission to social restraints tends to correct irregularities of temper and demeanour. Worldly experience, if it has no other merit, almost always has the effect of checking conceit. That an artisan who has risen to Parliamentary rank should overrate his position and his personal qualities is natural and therefore excusable. A whimsical illustration of the manner in which heads are turned by sudden elevation was furnished by the joint manifesto of two labour representatives, both of whom have unfortunately failed to obtain re-election. Mr. ARCH and Mr. LEICESTER unconsciously reproduced the famous syllogism which is attributed to certain Fifth Monarchy men in the middle of the seventeenth century. "Resolved," they said, "that the Earth belongs to the Saints"; and, secondly, "Resolved, that we are the Saints." Mr. ARCH and his colleague, having read or heard the saying that the

voice of the people is the voice of God, assumed that they were themselves the appointed organs of popular inspiration. They accordingly proceeded to sanction the Disruption Bill on behalf of those whom they described as "the horny-handed sons of toil." They may perhaps by this time have discovered that their commission was imaginary and that they had misunderstood the purport of their supposed mandate. The voice of the professed representatives of the working class was in this instance the voice of Mr. GLADSTONE, if not of Mr. PARNELL.

There is no reason why a constituency chiefly engaged in manual labour should not, if it thinks fit, sometimes choose as its member some local leader who may, up to the time of his election, have been an actual workman; but, if Parliamentary influence is regarded as an important object, the most effective representatives of the class will be those who have raised themselves above it. Journalists and secretaries of trade societies cling to the title of workman long after they have devoted themselves to more ambitious occupations. The experience which they have acquired in early life may sometimes furnish them with materials for judgment on legislative questions affecting wages or hours of labour; but the knowledge which may have been gained in a workshop will go but little way to qualify them for Parliamentary duties. The two horny-handed sons of toil who affected to speak with divine authority in the name of the people had probably not even tried to form an independent judgment on the expediency of establishing an Irish Parliament. It was enough for them that the project originated with Mr. GLADSTONE; and perhaps it was an additional recommendation to the measure that it was almost unanimously rejected by well-informed politicians. A Parliament consisting mainly of similar elements would seriously threaten the freedom of the country. Positivist philosophers, indeed, arriving, according to their wont, by devious paths at the simple conclusions of the unphilosophic multitude, have asserted that skilled artisans form a natural aristocracy, possessing almost a monopoly of political aptitude. The agricultural labourers would perhaps be admitted on some ingenious pretext to a share in the powers of the industrial oligarchy. Wealth and learning and, as Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE understands the term, intelligence would be excommunicated or disfranchised.

Among the most valuable members of the House of Commons there have always been some who have risen from the lowest ranks by the exercise of extraordinary energies. Capitalists and large employers of labour who have begun life in the coal-pit or the workshop recollect with sympathy and comprehension the wants and the feelings which they formerly shared. They have also the advantage of having seen the other side of economic and social controversies. Sharing the special knowledge of the direct representatives of labour, they are at the same time absolutely independent, and they are attached to the fundamental institution of property. One of the best of the class has after a close struggle been excluded from Parliament by the efforts of the Nonconformist ministers to whom he had been a munificent benefactor. His only crime was his refusal to concur in the dismemberment of the kingdom. His assailants had probably not even the excuse of believing that Mr. GLADSTONE's Bill would confer a benefit on the Irish. No such exercise of personal discretion will be apprehended on the part of a trade delegate. His Parliamentary career, and in many cases his subsistence, depend on his faithful adherence to peremptory instructions.

The new Parliament, though it may be less flagrantly incompetent than the last, may possibly revive the project of throwing the cost of elections on the rates, or even the more mischievous proposal of the payment of members. In answer to a question as to the intentions of the Government with respect to election expenses, Mr. GLADSTONE wantonly announced his conversion to the doctrine that members ought to become salaried functionaries. The practice of effecting grave changes in the Constitution without previous discussion or notice would alone condemn Mr. GLADSTONE as a dangerous Minister. The change of independent representatives into paid servants of their constituents would be in itself a revolution. The innovation has been suggested by the election of half a dozen members who required from their constituents a provision for their maintenance. If the number were largely increased, the agitation for payment out of the rates or the taxes might become formidable. It is not surprising that the consistent enemy of Parliamentary independence should appreciate the value of the new weapon which seemed likely to be placed

in his hands. The servility of the Separatist Radicals is sufficiently abject, but the number of Mr. GLADSTONE's satellites would probably have been increased if their subsistence had depended on their conformity. One necessary result of the proposed change would be wholesale corruption. Large sums of money derived from the patronage of a popular electoral body would in practice fall to the disposal of wirepullers and professional managers of elections. In every constituency a premium would be offered on the preference of a needy candidate. If payment were the universal rule, salaries would not be wasted on rich aspirants to Parliamentary honours; and, on the other hand, boroughs and counties would grudge the loss of an opportunity of providing for a popular favourite. The general estimation in which the House of Commons is still held would be greatly lowered by the fact that members had a pecuniary interest in courting the approval of their constituents. It is well that no addition to the number of paid members has been made during the present election.

SIR E. J. REED SHOWS WHY.

IT is given to the wise to know the causes of things. ASOP's beasts saw further into a millstone than our mobile, according to ROGER L'ESTRANGE; and Sir E. J. REED is able to explain how it was that a portion of the inhabitants of Cardiff suffered so severely at the hands of the police on a recent occasion. The public at large and the "mobile" of Cardiff have had no notion of what really was in the millstone. They have attributed the apparently disgraceful conduct of the police to the simplest causes. To these superficial persons the thing seemed plain enough. A body of country police was called in to do rather trying work in a large, and withal somewhat rowdy, seaport during an excited election. Having to deal with crowds in the streets, these inexperienced officers lost their heads or their tempers, or both, and laid about them. That is what the story looks like on the face of it, and people who are careless enough to examine no further were content to wait and learn from the official inquiry how it was that the defenders of public order forgot themselves so completely. Perhaps the responsible chiefs were not to be found at the critical moment. Perhaps the country police have scores of their own to settle with the mobile of Cardiff, scores run up since the Licensing Act turned so many of them into bonâ-fide travellers once a week. It is just possible that they thought they saw their chance and unwisely seized it, and also quite conceivable that they simply became flurried. In any case, an inquiry is to be held, and impartiality requires us to believe that justice will be done.

Meanwhile Sir E. J. REED has come forward to point out "the centre and source of the painful proceedings in his constituency." In a letter to his Worship the MAYOR he explains that they all happened because certain misbehaving journalists showed a shocking want of proper respect for Sir E. J. REED and his King. "Without your knowledge apparently," he says to his Worship, "but to the knowledge of thousands upon thousands of persons in the place, there had been exhibited night after night at the windows of the *Western Mail* newspaper offices caricatures of Mr. GLADSTONE, of myself, and of some of my supporters in the town, which caricatures have collected more or less excited crowds around the place, and made it astonishing to my mind that the peace was not disturbed." On one shameful occasion when Sir E. J. REED was passing in front of the *Western Mail* office, accompanied by "a friendly crowd," an attempt was made to exhibit one of these scandalous works of art wisely before his werry eyes. This last outrage was prevented by the prompt action of right-minded men, but provocations of the same character were lamentably frequent. Sir E. J. REED expected convulsions of nature, but even he could not think that these aggravating insults to all that was worthy of respect in Cardiff would be continued to the very day of the poll. Yet they were. On that day of all days an offensive caricature was exhibited by the hardened offenders at the *Western Mail*. In most towns, says the member for Cardiff, this would have led "to the instant wreckage of the whole building." In Cardiff it caused the country police to cudgel inoffensive persons in the streets; and there you have the explanation of the whole business. We admire the ingenuity, both in the old and the modern sense, of Sir E. J. REED's solution of the mystery, but must confess that it hardly appears satisfactory. Put it in

the form of a conundrum. Why should the exhibition of caricatures of Sir E. J. REED and Mr. GLADSTONE cause the country police to beat the people of Cardiff? After careful consideration we give it up. But, though Sir E. J. REED's answer to the immediate question fails, it is full of instruction on other points. It is invaluable as evidence as to your sound Gladstonian's view of the duties of a law-abiding subject, and as to his estimate of the proper amount of respect due to himself. Take that charming phrase about "the wreckage of the whole building." Obviously it is the Gladstonian theory that lynch law may be expected to be applied instantaneously to anybody who laughs at a Gladstonian. Laughter is an intolerable provocation to be immediately resented by total wreckage of buildings rented by the shameless laughter. It will not be denied that some humane consideration is due to a party which is frequently a fit object of laughter, and is debarred by nature from retaliating with the appropriate weapons. Still it is much to ask for it that it should be privileged to riot whenever it feels stung. Again, how blandly and how Gladstonianly does Sir E. J. REED beg the question whether it is or is not an unpardonable sin to make fun of Sir E. J. REED. Throughout the whole of the letter to his Worship the MAYOR of Cardiff this proposition is taken for granted—It is wicked to ridicule me, and whoever does it is morally responsible for whatever violence anybody may subsequently commit anywhere. Now this is a large order. We must decline to take it for granted, and refuse entirely to abstain from cracking our feeble joke on Sir E. J. REED for fear that violence may be committed in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The view of this side is that the Gladstonian may answer caricature by caricature and taunt by taunt if he can, but he must not threaten wreckage of the premises. To that method of controversy the answer must be given by the police more judiciously than at Cardiff; but by the police all the same.

RUSSIA AT BATOUM.

THERE may be differences of opinion as to the importance of the latest Russian breach of covenant; but all parties will agree that no active measures can be taken to assert the right, especially as it is technically imperfect. A court of law would perhaps hold that the declared intention of one of the parties to a formal contract is binding on himself as a consideration which may have affected the bargain. On the other side it might be plausibly argued that the litigant, who in this case is represented by Russia, had given sufficient notice that the undertaking was voluntary in its tenor as well as in its inception. As there is no tribunal to which a question of international law can be referred, the alleged offender will be practically entitled to the benefit of the doubt. A more serious consideration is that no redress can be obtained, except at the disproportionate cost of a war. In a contest for the freedom of the port of Batoum an English Government could not count on any ally, with the doubtful exception of Turkey. The trade of Germany or of Austria, which will now be subject to additional dues at Batoum, is probably not equal in value to the expense of launching an ironclad or of mobilizing a brigade. It is not even certain that the two Imperial Courts would even verbally resent an affront which they may, if it suits their policy, regard as exclusively directed against England. In national as in private affairs submission to discourteous treatment may perhaps encourage further aggression; but as long as there is only one effective sanction of treaties, violations of diplomatic engagements must sometimes be borne in silence. The legendary Athenian lawgiver probably weakened his criminal procedure by making all offences capital. Extreme severity must have produced laxity in the execution of an indiscriminating code. For the same reason international contracts are insecure because there is no remedy but one for non-observance, and war cannot be lightly undertaken.

Lord BEACONSFIELD and Lord SALISBURY were fully aware of the ambiguity of the Russian promise which was embodied in the Treaty of Berlin. The EMPEROR declared his purpose of making use of the cession of Batoum for the establishment of a free and exclusively commercial port. The English plenipotentiaries endeavoured in vain to obtain a more definite promise, while the Russians were unwilling to allow their new acquisition to be held subject to any condition. By the mediation of Prince BISMARCK an intermediate course was devised, and the result was probably foreseen. The Russian EMPEROR had been forced to profess moderate and

peaceable intentions, but his representatives foresaw that he might afterwards change his mind. Lord BEACONSFIELD was so fully aware of the possible uncertainty of the arrangement, that he thought it worth while to depreciate in his speech in the House of Lords the capacity of the harbour of Batoum. For this purpose he repeated an apocryphal statement that there was only room for half a dozen ships to lie abreast in the port; but he failed to explain why he had struggled so obstinately at the Congress for additional security against a danger which he now derided as trivial. The danger was not pressing, because at that time and for some years afterwards the Russians had no considerable fleet in the Black Sea. There was, nevertheless, reason to fear that Batoum might in course of time become a second Sebastopol, and offer a standing menace to Turkey. It is probable that none of the statesmen who discussed the subject at Berlin really believed that commercial advantages were even taken into consideration when the victorious Russians insisted on the cession of Batoum. The declaration that it should be retained in the condition of a commercial port would have been much more important than the stipulation as to the freedom of its trade from differential duties, if either engagement had been regarded by the Russian Government as binding.

The recent Circular, by which the free use of the port of Batoum is abolished, is only the last in a series of encroachments. For some years the Russian authorities have been prosecuting the fortification of the port, which now contains an arsenal, great stores of guns and ammunition, and several military hospitals. It must have been notorious to all concerned that the announcement of the EMPEROR's intentions in the Treaty of Berlin had been already revoked. In the contingency of war with Turkey or with England, Batoum would serve as a base for naval operations, in spite of the scanty and grudging security which had been provided by the treaty. It was easy to foresee that the privileges accorded to foreign traders would be withdrawn as soon as the acquiescence of foreign Governments in the establishment of a military and naval station had been effectually secured. There is no object, except the kindred policy of territorial aggrandizement, to which Russia is so steadily devoted as the exclusion of foreign commodities from rivalry with domestic industry. The Circular, and an explanatory Note which has been published, state that fiscal complications have arisen from the admission of foreign and of Russian goods into Batoum on equal terms. The EMPEROR has consequently resolved to abolish the equal rights of foreign freighters; and, with a cynical disregard of fair dealing, the change is to take place on the 17th of July. Cargoes which are now afloat have been consigned to Batoum on the faith that they would be discharged under the existing tariff. It is customary in such cases to allow ample time to prepare for changes in fiscal regulations; but either the Russian Government wishes to cause vexation and injustice, or perhaps its subordinate agents see their way to some profitable arrangement.

It is not generally known whether any large portion of English trade with Asia Minor has been conducted by way of Batoum. Probably a route passing wholly through Turkish territory would be preferred, unless there was some special convenience to set off against the annoyance of dealing with Russian custom-house officers. It is not likely that facilities have been liberally offered to importers of foreign goods while the operation of converting a commercial port into an arsenal has been proceeding. It is probable that remonstrances against a deliberate breach of the Treaty of Berlin may have been addressed to the Russian Government; but the English Foreign Office must have been rather careful to record its protests than sanguine as to their effects. It is possible that the opportunity of abolishing the last relic of the undertaking given at Berlin may have been chosen in anticipation of Mr. GLADSTONE's early retirement from office. All unfriendly Powers have discovered that they have nothing to apprehend from the PRIME MINISTER's susceptibility to slights offered to his country; but Lord ROSEBURY, who is generally believed to have continued Lord SALISBURY's policy with spirit and vigilance, may have been rather strengthened than hampered by the exclusive occupation of his chief with domestic schemes of ambition. In all probability Mr. GLADSTONE has never given a thought to Batoum or to the foreign relations of England. He has had enough to absorb his attention in his premature anticipations of triumph, in his lame excuses for defeat, and in his insults to those of his late colleagues and friends whom he has unfortunately been able to punish for their inde-

pendence. His FOREIGN SECRETARY must have been well rid of interference on the part of a PRIME MINISTER who has never been known to concern himself with the duty of maintaining the honour of his country.

The proposed closing of Batoum to foreign trade is regarded in Eastern Europe partly as a challenge to England, and principally as a warning to Turkey and to Bulgaria that the contumacy of Prince ALEXANDER has not been forgiven by Russia. The connexion of the two questions is not immediately obvious; but both cases are connected with provisions of the Treaty of Berlin. The EMPEROR has loudly complained of the infringement of the treaty by the virtual annexation of Eastern Roumelia to Bulgaria, and by the subsequent acquiescence of the Porte. It seems a strange method of enforcing the observance of a compact to violate another of its stipulations; but the CZAR probably wishes rather to intimidate his supposed adversaries than to convince them by argument. It is, therefore, possible that the Batoum Circular is intended as a general repudiation of the obligations incurred at Berlin. The same document serves to remind the Turkish Government that it may be attacked from the eastern coast of the Black Sea as well as from the north. For some reason which can only be conjectured, Russia is at present deliberately bent on exciting uneasiness and alarm. The menacing address to the naval officers at Sebastopol, and the inspired speech of the Metropolitan of Moscow, must have been intended to create a belief that war was imminent. Recent movements of Russian troops in Bessarabia are supposed to be connected with projects of an alliance with Roumania, and to active operations against Bulgaria and Turkey. The Batoum Circular is probably a part of the same political decision; but it seems unnecessary to accumulate illustrations of the turbulent policy of Russia. When the clauses of the Treaty of Paris relating to the Black Sea were denounced in 1870, the English Government unnecessarily accepted the decision of Russia. It would have been better to withhold any admission of the right of one party to violate a treaty, and the right of enforcing the covenant might have been reserved for a more convenient opportunity. The same mode of proceeding will probably be expedient on a less important occasion; but it will be for the Government to judge whether it is for the interest of England to declare that the Treaty of Berlin has been virtually revoked. The Russian Government has placed itself logically in the wrong; but in international controversies little is gained by the most complete argumentative triumph.

A TALE OF A TUB.

THE attraction of the Falls of Niagara for all kinds of foolhardy lunatics has again been proved, only, fortunately for the particular lunatic in question, this time the attempt to shoot the Rapids has not been attended with any fatal result. The man who has succeeded in passing over the spot where poor Captain WEBB lost his life is a cooper by trade, an Englishman by nation, and GRAHAM by name. His spirit of emulation, it appears, was raised by the attempt of Captain WEBB, and he also resolved "to do or die," though not altogether in the same way. The man of casks was more cautious than the great swimmer, and, instead of meditating casting himself into the wild fury of waters and battling with them, solely relying on his physical strength and clear head, he bethought him of the example of the Seven Wise Men of Gotham, and accordingly "went to sea in a bowl." He constructed an egg-shaped barrel of oaken staves, two and a half inches thick and seven feet high. The diameter of the bottom was seventeen inches, and of the top twenty-three, which increased about two feet from the top to thirty-three inches. By careful ballasting this wooden egg was made to swim upright, and the occupier was slung inside in a "bag-shaped" hammock, which was stayed by short ropes, so that the body should not be able to swing to any great extent during the gyrations of the barrel. Armholes in the bag allowed the inhabitant of this vessel to grasp the handles of air-plugs, so as to admit a fresh supply of air when necessary. GRAHAM had built his barrel with all possible ingenuity, and had perfect confidence in his work; but, before consigning himself to its tender mercies, he wisely experimented with "dummy" barrels weighted with sand. That he is not a Scotchman is evident, for he spent several "Saw-baths" in these experiments, and, when these proved fairly successful, he chose last Sunday for his personal attempt. "The better the day, the better the deed," was

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evidently his motto. But the authorities at Niagara, whatever their opinions as to the day, had but a poor opinion of the deed. GRAHAM was arrested; but the case was a novel one, and the legal luminaries were in want of a precedent. DIOGENES was the only previous person connected in their minds with a tub, and opinions differed as to whether he formed a precedent or not for the arrest of GRAHAM as a "dangerous lunatic." A crowd of several thousand people had assembled to see the show, and they were indignant at having their hoped-for victim taken from them; so the authorities, for "want of legal reason for detaining," released their prisoner, who promptly made for the water like a young duck. He started just below the Falls at seven minutes to four in the afternoon, reached the Whirlpool at four, and landed at Curston, on the east bank of the river, at twenty-five minutes past four, having travelled at the rate of six miles in thirty minutes. It is hardly to be wondered at that, according to GRAHAM's own vernacular, he "was that rattled," for it appears that after its first submersion the barrel was scarcely ever upright, and was flung hither and thither with tremendous violence by the force of the water. By some miracle, however, it escaped being driven upon the rocks, and got through the Whirlpool safely. In the Whirlpool GRAHAM, being momentarily "right side uppermost," took off the cover of the man-hole to look out, but found he was being "carried along so fast" that he "put it on again in a hurry," which was not unnatural. In the hurry of starting he had forgotten to plug the air-hole, which he found he could not do later when he remembered it. How it was that this oversight did not cause him to be drowned is not explained; for, as he himself says, "When I got to where the water breaks, and went under" (the italics are ours), "it just poured in at the open air-hole!" However, he seems to have been grateful for this occurrence, and says that the water "cooled him, and did not wet him very much," as he was in the canvas bag. In the Devil's Hole Rapids he got "the worst shaking-up"; but he finally was extracted from his barrel, suffering from nothing more than a slight bruise on one arm, and dizziness, caused by the somewhat imperfect ventilation of the barrel. It is hard to say what a desire for personal advertisement will not induce men to do; and, for our part, we find it hard to express any admiration for an attempt of this kind. There was no object to be gained, except that of personal notoriety of the most paltry kind. Poor Captain WEBB's disastrous attempt was bad enough; but one feels a certain respect for a man who goes forth single-handed to do battle with Nature, even if he is worsted in the encounter; but a man shut up in a barrel, enduring nothing worse than sea-sickness and want of air for half an hour, is hardly a figure to command admiration, nor is he a hero fit to pose as having succeeded where Captain WEBB failed. Mr. GRAHAM's closing expressions of his experience are worth recording:—"I don't want to try it again for fun, but I'll do it again for money, pretty quick"; which prove that the man of casks has profited by his sojourn in the land of the Mighty Dollar.

THE NAVY AND THE COLONIES.

NEXT week's naval review at Portsmouth will be a graceful and possibly profitable act of politeness to the Colonial visitors now in England, who are in a way the guests of the country. Properly speaking, it will be no review at all, but an inspection. The reserve squadron and the vessels in harbour at Portsmouth will be anchored together in order that our visitors may have a look at them. There will be no manœuvring except a very artificial representation of a torpedo attack. Shows of this kind are not to be encouraged as a rule. No good can be done to the reserve squadron by calling it in from its cruise at an exceptionally early date. Neither will it be of any profit to the country at large if it is to be taken for granted that every vessel which is to be shown in this solemn parade is a trustworthy fighting ship in the conditions of modern naval warfare. There is, however, little enough danger that this last mistake will be made, or at least will be made without due warning. Whatever else may come of any naval show in this country, a plentiful crop of letters to the papers written by gallant officers anxious to point out that this or the other war-ship is a pitiful tin-kettle never fails. As for the waste of time and loss of practice for the reserve squadron, which may offend some austere critics, they may

be considered to be justified by the circumstances. The character of the guests is a sufficient reason for the nature of the fête, and would be an adequate excuse for a much more serious loss of practice in gun drill than any likely to be caused by the review. It is very essential to interest the Colonies in the navy, and, if the good work can be forwarded by collecting a score or so of war-ships in Portsmouth Harbour, and by playing at a torpedo attack in Stokes Bay, by all means let these things be done. The Indian and Colonial visitors, to the number of six or seven hundred, who are to go down to Portsmouth next Friday, undoubtedly do not need the actual sight of ironclads and torpedo-boats to realize the importance of the navy to the Empire, but they will be none the less pleased with an act of courtesy on that account; and then, too, they are for the occasion knights of the shire for the Colonies, and, whatever pleasing things are done to them are likewise done to their countries. They will remember, too, that the navy they see at Portsmouth is their defence as well as the defence of England, and may be favourably disposed towards considering schemes for making it stronger.

This question of a federation of the navy as one most effectual way of increasing the general naval strength of the Empire has recently been discussed at the United Service Institute as part of that very much larger matter, the Imperial Federation of the mother-country and the Colonies. Apart altogether from the value of what was said, and the practical worth of any suggestion made, the discussion was praiseworthy. If Imperial Federation is ever to be anything but a pious dream, it must be gradually brought about by experiments. The United Kingdoms and the Colonies may possibly never attain to the possession of a working constitution which shall directly represent them all; but if they are ever to do so it must be by acting together in a businesslike way for businesslike purposes. When they have done this for some time with success, an efficient federation may be found to have made itself. No more favourable matter for the experiment could well be found than the navy. Its efficiency interests the Colonies as directly as the mother-country, and they can help to maintain it most effectually. A convention for common action in naval affairs would be a practical though favourable test of how far a home department and the Colonial Governments could be got to work smoothly together. Even if they are only considered as good intentions, the schemes explained by Sir THOMAS BRASSEY and other speakers at the United Service Institute ought to be well listened to. For one thing, they help to show how thoroughly the slipshod confidence which certain people were fond of parading a very few years ago has been destroyed. The United Service Institute was never on the side of inefficiency and weakness; but time was when it had to consider what it could ask for with any chance of success, and it had to be content with asking for comparatively little. Now it can take it for granted that the navy is to be made strong at home, and can, with the encouragement of very general approval, discuss plans for persuading the Colonies to help to make it still stronger. It is almost as good a sign as the vigour now being shown in pushing on the *Trafalgar*. When the Admiralty of a Liberal Ministry, and that, too, an Admiralty with the Marquess of RIXON at its head, can grasp these two propositions—firstly, that the navy ought to be strong; and, secondly, that the quicker you build a ship the better—there is reasonable ground for hope that we have got out of one very dismal stage of naval maladministration. There is now a better prospect that various departments will be made to understand their proper relation to the services they ought to work for. The plans proposed by Sir THOMAS BRASSEY and others for a better "naval organization for Colonial defence" are good on the supposition that both sides will do their share in a fair spirit. As far as can be learnt from the report of Sir THOMAS BRASSEY's speech, and from the more intelligible gloss published by the *Standard*, it is proposed to ask the Colonies to undertake the defence of their coasts and to help towards maintaining a fleet of cruisers sufficiently strong to keep open the trade routes. The first part of the work has already been done to some extent by the Australian Colonies, which possess turret-ships and gunboats placed entirely under their own control. It is said that public opinion in Australia is favourable to suggestions for going further, and contributing in some way to the support of the general cruising fleet of the Empire. The scheme, as far as it has been elaborated, seems to be that Australia—which is taken as the typical colony—should

provide a squadron of unarmoured cruisers and sea-going torpedo-boats, to be officered and manned by the Royal Navy under the direct orders of the Admiralty. These vessels would, as a matter of course, be specially affected to service on the coast of the colony or on the trade routes in which it is immediately interested. It is equally a matter of course that some guarantee should be given that these vessels would not be made an excuse by the Admiralty for diminishing the home establishment. They would be an addition to the general forces of the Empire, a help to the Royal Navy, and not a substitute for the squadrons at present sent out from home. There is no reason why such a plan for mutual assistance should not work well if it was tried in an honourable spirit. There will be certain rather obvious difficulties to be overcome. Even if the Colonies vote the money, it will be necessary to settle very clearly what amount of control they are to have over the ships. The simplest solution would be that the Home Government should be trusted to keep its promises in the spirit as well as the letter; but whether the Colonies could be got to repose that amount of trust in the Admiralty and the Colonial Office is highly doubtful. Captain COLOMB will have all naval men with him when he counts unity of administration as a necessity; but, from the very nature of the case, these colonial squadrons would be the forces of a coalition, and in a coalition every member expects to have a voice. Again, if these vessels are not to be kept lying idle in colonial ports till war breaks out, some of them must be commissioned. According to the plan, they are to be officered and manned by the Royal navy. If this is to be done without diminishing the existing establishment of ships, an addition, and no trifling one, must be made to the force of the navy. Are these men to be found at home or in the Colonies, and will they be paid—pay and pension—out of the Home or the Colonial Budgets? These and other matters of detail must be settled if the plan is to work; but, if the Conference which was proposed at the United Service Institute goes about it in a proper spirit, a solution may be found; and he must be a very bad Englishman who does not hope that it may.

Among the minor suggestions made at the Institute was one which has the advantage of being immediately acceptable, and of being quite independent of any complicated financial or political arrangements between the Mother-country and the Colonies. It is that a certain number of vacancies in the *Britannia* should be filled by colonial cadets. This would not in itself be a novelty. There is nothing to prevent the son of a colonist from becoming a naval officer as it is; and, before the revolt of the Plantations, there were not a few Americans in the Royal Navy who, for the most part, fought as loyalists in the war. At this moment, when there seems to be a very general inclination on both sides to be friendly and even magnanimous, it ought to be easy to make the necessary arrangements. It ought to be all the easier because the Admiralty has decided on introducing very thoroughgoing changes into the system of naval education. The value of these plans cannot be fairly estimated till the report of Admiral LUARD's Committee is published, and it does not yet appear that all its proposals have been accepted by the Admiralty. From what is known of them, it is clear that the whole system of recruiting the staff of naval officers will be radically changed. Boys will no longer be taken direct to the *Britannia*, but will be left for one year at school after passing their first examination. They will go to sea later in life, and will serve for a shorter time as midshipmen. It is always a pity to destroy an ancient institution, and the disappearance of the midshipman as he was will be lamented by everybody except the dull beings who do not enjoy Captain MARRYAT. But perhaps the midshipman as he was only exists in the works of that writer, and in these days, when seamanship is less and science more needed, and it is not so necessary to break men in young to a hard life, the midshipman may safely be caught older.

ANOTHER ARYAN MARE'S NEST.

THE Aryan race is becoming, or rather has long been, little better than a public nuisance. Properly speaking, almost nothing is known about the Aryan race. About thirty years ago some popular philologists going on the evidence of their own interpretations of language thought they knew a great deal. The undivided Aryan had his

"cradle" in Central Asia somewhere, he was perfectly primitive, yet perfectly civilized; he came straight from "the bosom of nature," and he possessed iron weapons, chariots, the arts, cities, kings, priests, poets, and quantities of the purest religion. All that is pretty nearly exploded. The doctors have begun to differ. Many of them find the celebrated "cradle" on the shores of the Baltic, and not in Central Asia at all. The primitiveness and the culture, the purity and the politics of the early Aryans are, all alike, matter of doubt. It is not certain that they had iron. It is not certain that they dwelt in cities. It is quite certain that their religion was not all that a vain people of professors supposed. The only certain thing about the Aryan race is the close connexion of many Indo-European languages—Celtic, Latin, Greek, Slavonic, Sanskrit, Teutonic, and so forth. But, while everything beyond this is confusion, intelligent, worthy antiquarians at long distances from the intellectual centres and feeble folk near home go on believing profoundly in the notions of PICTET and KUHN, as revealed to them through the medium of Mr. MAX MÜLLER's books and Mr. CLODD's early writings, and even through the historical romances of CHARLES KINGSLEY. Then the puzzle-headed antiquarian, charmed with what he learns, begins to look out everywhere for Aryans. M. LOPEZ found an Aryan race in the Incas; Mr. GERALD MASSEY, if we rightly remember, discovered that the ancient Egyptians were Aryans; some profound Frenchman has recognized in the Aztecs or Toltecs Aryans no less celebrated than the Tuatha da Danaan and other members of the "dear old" Irish stock. Finally—we trust it really is finally—here comes Mr. EDWARD TREGEAR with his book, *The Aryan Maori* (TAUBNER), and with a pamphlet *tiré à part* from the Transactions of the New Zealand Institute. *The Aryan Maori* is a little volume in brown cloth, with a device in gold representing a Highland "Kylie" in the company of a hairy man armed with one of the short, almost oval Maori clubs, known, we believe, as *patus*. This group is intended, perhaps, for the Maori as he was in Asia, where he was quite the Aryan, and kept cattle. He had, of course, no kine in New Zealand before their introduction by Europeans.

All the authors who harp on these obscure connexions of Race make out their points in two ways. First, they compare words chosen from the languages of the races they wish to identify with each other. This process is perfectly futile. There are no languages in which there do not exist coincidences of sound. You may readily prove that English is connected with Chinese and Egyptian with Celtic by selecting similar sounding words. The second plan is to compare myths and institutions. Now, as men are men, whatever their race, their early myths and institutions inevitably resemble each other, whether there is any connexion of kindred blood or not.

Mr. TREGEAR adopts both of these futile and misleading methods. He compares Sanskrit and Maori words which are either like each other or seem like each other to him, and concludes that the people who employ these words come from a common stock. He admits that Aryan speech has an "inflected grammar" and that the Maori is agglutinative. But this only proves, he says, that the Maoris left the other Aryans in Asia before the agglutinative had been developed into the inflected stage of language. "The primitive tribes from whom we are all descended troubled themselves little with the intricacies of scholasticism." It would be interesting to see Mr. TREGEAR's notion of scholasticism. However, he thinks that "the Maori has crystallized his speech in that mode which the primitive Aryans used, perhaps four thousand, perhaps six thousand, 'years ago.'" Well, but Mr. TREGEAR thinks the Rig Veda more than four thousand years old. Is Maori in the same linguistic state as the language of the Veda? It ought to be, if the Maoris dwelt in Asia, Aryans with Aryans, four thousand years ago. But it is useless to follow Mr. TREGEAR through such philological excursions as this—"Maori, *katirehe*=sore throat; French, *goître*, from (Latin) *guttur*, the throat." Why did he not say "Maori, *katirehe*, sore throat. English, *catarrh*?" One is as good as the other. He is particularly funny when, admitting that the Maoris have no frogs, he derives their words for leaping, and so forth, from a memory of our old Sanskrit friend, *Bheki*, the frog, yea, the Sun-frog.

MR. PARNELL AND HIS ALLIES.

ONE hardly knows whether to see a sign of grace or of its opposite in Mr. PARNELL's noisy denial of the truth of Lord HARTINGTON's charges. It is good that he should think it worth while, and even politic, to repel them; but the extent to which he contrives to push his repudiations argues an amount of effrontery which could hardly consist with anything in the nature of repentance. There is, moreover, a certain amount of too obvious ingenuity in the particular phrases of denial which Mr. PARNELL employs, and which appear to indicate that he has profited, polemically speaking, by his recent relations with Mr. GLADSTONE; and when injured innocence "speaks" "by the card" with such extreme circumspection as it displays in this instance, we may be forgiven for feeling but faintly impressed by its protestations. "Mr. PARNELL," said Lord HARTINGTON at Derby, "has accepted an alliance with the Fenian organization in America and Ireland." This was one of the statements objected to by the leader of the Irish Parliamentary party. The other was as follows:—"It cannot be denied with truth that between Mr. PARNELL and the leaders of the Irish party and the Fenian organizations of America and Ireland there exists, and has existed, through the Land League and through the National League, means of communication which practically unite the whole movement into one body." These, according to Mr. PARNELL, are "reckless statements and fraudulent devices." There is "no truth in them"; they are "absolutely false." And the reason why they are so reckless and fraudulent and without truth and also false is because "I know nothing whatever further than can be gained by reading the newspapers of the Fenian organizations either in Ireland or America." Perceiving, however, as we may suppose, that there is not the slightest reason why he should not have "accepted an alliance" with an organization of which he knows nothing more than is to be gained from reading the newspapers, Mr. PARNELL goes on to deny this statement categorically, together with the statement—not made, however, in these precise terms by Lord HARTINGTON—that he has ever "had any communication with either of these organizations or their leaders"; and the further statement, actually made by Lord HARTINGTON, as to such means of communication existing through the Land League or the National League. Mr. PARNELL then proceeds to deny that the National movement is "practically united with the Fenian movement," and adds:—"Such a union has never been proposed; and, if it had been, I should never have consented to it." That is to say, according to this very scrupulously guarded disclaimer, that the two movements are not "practically" united because they are not united literally and by express treaty. A and B are not acting in concert for a common end, because they have not formally constituted themselves the firm of A, B, & Co., and anybody who maintains the contrary may be challenged to produce a copy of the articles of partnership between them.

It is difficult to say in which of their two aspects this series of exculpatory assertions is the less deserving of notice. Some of them are in the nature of transparent evasions of the point to be dealt with; others are simply flat denials of notorious facts. The denial of having "accepted an alliance" with the Fenian organization in America is only sustainable by dint of verbal jugglery of the most flagrant sort. For in what other way can Mr. PARNELL deny that he has accepted an alliance with an organization whose remittances of money he has not scrupled to use for electioneering purposes? If he accepts the money he accepts the alliance, and no one has ever known Mr. PARNELL to display the slightest delicacy about receiving and making use of the contributions forwarded to him through the medium of the *Irish World*. He does not need much "further information" about his Fenian helpers than "what can be gained by reading the newspapers" which periodically publish a goodly list of subscriptions to the "cause." Even if he had never had, as he alleges, any communication with these organizations or their leaders, they would be none the less his allies; and the movements which he and they respectively directed would be described with no less accuracy by Lord HARTINGTON as "practically united." But we cannot admit that the case against him is to be carried no further than this. It is necessary, not only to expose his evasions, but to offer an unqualified contradiction, or rather to cite the notorious facts which oppose such a contradiction to his express denials. When he has the

audacity to allege that there never has been any means of communication, either through the Land League or through the National League, between him and the Fenian organizations, we must assure him that he presumes too much on the shortness of the public memory. Four years is not a long enough interval to efface the recollection of disclosures with which the whole country was ringing in the summer of 1882; and Mr. PARNELL must be reminded that, if what he now says is true, he obtained his release from Kilmainham under false pretences. It was precisely because there *were*, according to his own confession, means of communication between himself and the Fenian outrage-mongers who had been allowed to terrorize Ireland for two years, that Mr. GLADSTONE concluded with him the famous or infamous treaty which was the consideration of his release from prison. It was because Mr. FORSTER refused, to his honour, to follow the example of his colleagues, and ally himself with an ally of Mr. SHERIDAN, that he was elbowed out of office. Mr. PHILIP BAGENAL, again, has just reminded us of Mr. PARNELL's own admissions of his communicating with DEVOT, and Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER as opportunely refers to the copy of a letter in his possession addressed to "Dear Mr. FORD" by Mr. PARNELL's secretary in his behalf. For aught we know, he may be quibbling over the word "Fenian," or the word "organization," or relying upon some other such ingenuity to give verbal truth to his denial; but that that denial is substantially false, and that Lord HARTINGTON's charges are in substance true, is a fact resting upon clear historical record and upon previous admissions under Mr. PARNELL's own hand. There is, therefore, not the least necessity for the solitary organ of the GLADSTONE-PARNELL party in the London press to assume a judicial attitude on the matter, and, while observing that Mr. PARNELL's denial is as definite and categorical as any denial can be, to concede graciously that "Lord HARTINGTON is not a man who speaks without book, and must have some evidence which he can produce in support of his charges." No, Lord HARTINGTON is not a man who speaks without book, and the *Daily News* can find the evidence that it is in want of by a simple reference to its own files for the year 1882.

With the closing passages of Mr. PARNELL's manifesto there is no need to concern ourselves. If he imagines that bounce about "unblushing falsehoods which have partially" and temporarily frustrated the moderate and constitutional "aspirations of Ireland" will serve his turn, or that he will enlist sympathy in this country by insolently taunting Lord HARTINGTON with being an "eager supporter of the brutalities of coercion," that only shows that he is as ignorant of the temper of the English people as "the father and friend" and "whatsoever, &c.," of the Irish people has proved himself to be. The nation which has so thoroughly shaken off the superstition of Gladstonolatry is not likely to embrace that delusion of credulous trust in the fair words of Irish agitators which the "father and friend and whatsoever, &c.," has of late so strenuously laboured to propagate. One awakening ensures another, and the English public are not now likely to rate the protestations and disclaimers of Mr. PARNELL and his followers at more than their proper value. In particular, they will recollect that the leader himself has never found the slightest difficulty in denying either spoken word or committed act of his whenever he finds it convenient to do so; and that in the nature of things it cannot be always possible to detect the falsehood of the denial as completely as circumstances enabled us to do in the case of the famous Cincinnati speech. In that case it was distinctly proved that words which Mr. PARNELL from his place in the House of Commons most solemnly denied having uttered had, in fact, been spoken by him, and stood on record in a report, of which he did not at the time dispute the accuracy, and of which even now he will hardly venture to dispute the authority. Such fortunate exposures cannot, as we have said, be expected to happen often; but their lesson, when they do happen, should not be lost. That lesson is that it would be mere weak complaisance to pretend to accept the allegations of the Irish Separatist agitators with the implicit faith which Englishmen are accustomed to repose—as a rule, marked by one famous exception—in the assurances of reputable English politicians. We may, with tolerable confidence, trust the latter to tell the truth. Much painful experience has taught us that we cannot place anything like the same reliance on the former.

GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS.

AFTER a week of interesting amateur cricket, "Gentlemen v. Players" at Lord's proved rather a failure. Neither side had its full strength, and the wicket, after the heavy rains, was quite a bowler's wicket. It has become more and more difficult to find Gentlemen who will nobly resign the cares of this world for the cricketer's life, which is the best of any. One player has married a wife, another has taken to commerce, a third is absorbed in the frivolities of law, and a good many were playing in other matches all over the country. One of the best Gentlemen bowlers is said to observe that he "does not like London," and to have declined the honour of an invitation. In the Gentlemen's team Mr. STEEL was particularly missed, but he was doing his duty for his county. Mr. HORNBY appeared at Lord's, but his fielding at slip showed a great falling off, though he was as lively as ever between wickets. Mr. F. M. LUCAS and Mr. SCOTT, though good bats, are not particularly renowned fielders. Mr. ROBERTSON bowled well and got some runs, but where was Mr. CHRISTOPHERSON? The fast amateur bowler is still sadly to seek, and Mr. COCHRANE can hardly be said to fill his place. Mr. TYLECOTE kept wicket excellently, and batted well in the second innings. We are glad to welcome him back to cricket, and to see that he is one of the English Eleven which is to meet the Australians at Lord's on Monday. When we do find a wicket-keeper who can bat, it is wise to play him in place, for example, of SHERWIN. Mr. J. G. WALKER is a pretty bat, but he was unlucky, and when sent in to play out the last five minutes of evening light on Tuesday, was first "stuck up" and then bowled by BARNES. Mr. BAINBRIDGE did not at all remind spectators of his own performances against Oxford. Perhaps, like Mr. WRIGHT, he is best against amateurs. On the whole there were, perhaps, five places in the amateur team that might have been better filled; for example, it seems absurd to see an Eleven of Gentlemen without Mr. WEBBE. The amateur Eleven which played at the Oval was of even more slight ingredients, but strengthened by Mr. W. W. READ. But, at the moment of writing, that affair is still unfinished.

The Players at Lord's had not PEATE nor ULYETT, who were playing for Yorkshire against Australia. In LOHMANN, BARLOW, FLOWERS, BRIGGS, and BARNES they possessed plenty of bowling. No one but Mr. PATTERSON showed much heart in resisting them, and the Gentlemen's wickets fell for the puny score of 98. The heavy rain which fell on Monday was against batting; and as the wicket dried on Tuesday it enabled the amateur bowlers to get plenty of work on the ball. The Players' innings of 201 was not at all satisfactory. Dr. GRACE and Mr. ROBERTSON began the bowling, the latter from the Pavilion end. He was short-pitched and rather erratic, and soon made room for Mr. PAGE. The Oxford captain bowled excellently well. He was very straight, a large proportion of his overs were maidens, and he showed great command of the ball and power of twisting from both sides. It is true that Mr. PAGE has not yet absolutely mastered the *ars celare artem*, and you can tell as he delivers the ball which side she is going to come in from. Dr. GRACE, too, bowled admirably; the ball which crossed GUNN's wicket and took his off stump was a beauty. FLOWERS punished Dr. GRACE to leg; but the Doctor at last succeeded in the highest object of his ambition, and got ABEL caught at long-leg. There are few such persistent bowlers for a catch at leg, and it is always pleasant to see perseverance rewarded. FLOWERS played a lively innings of 35, and fell to Mr. ROBERTSON, bowling from the top end. A vast number of fluky hits which did not quite "come to hand" were popped up by the Players all through the game. This spoke of the difficulty of the wicket, but it also attested the luck of the Players.

The Gentlemen began fairly well, in their second attempt, with Mr. HORNBY and Dr. GRACE. The latter hit far cleaner and harder than any one else, but was given out for a catch at the wicket, when he had made 19 out of 26. He was hitting across at a ball of BARLOW's. Mr. PATTERSON never seemed at home, Mr. WALKER was promptly bowled, and but for Mr. TYLECOTE and Mr. PAGE (21 and 27) the Gentlemen would have showed a very feeble score. As it was, the Players had only to make 60, which cost them five wickets. Mr. PAGE and Mr. ROBERTSON again bowled very well; the analysis of the latter was twelve overs, nine maidens, eight runs, and a wicket. Without the 31 of BARNES, who is, we trust, himself again, it is just possible

that the Gentlemen might have saved the match. Playing, as they did, with only a scratch Eleven, they were by no means disgraced in their defeat. But the cricket was slow, and rather uninteresting.

THE EXPULSION OF THE DUC D'AUMALE.

THE expulsion of the Duc d'AUMALE from France is thoroughly consistent with the general tone of the Republican Government, which is a colourless way of saying that it is unwise and ignoble. To some extent the Duc committed a fault of taste in writing a provocative letter to M. GRÉVY over the heads of the responsible Ministers. The natural personal contempt for General BOULANGER which this step showed was, of course, provoking to an obscure officer who has been hoisted into a position of eminence for services altogether unconnected with his professional duties. Still the indiscretion, as far as there was any indiscretion, might have been adequately punished by neglecting his letter. If, as has been said, the Duc d'AUMALE's outbreak of anger was decided on in cold blood, and indulged in for a definite purpose, it would still have been wiser to have taken no notice of it. He has at all times stood apart from the other Orleanist Princes, and has taken an independent line openly enough to make it very credible that he had decided not to leave his nephew, the Count of PARIS, in sole possession of the honours of martyrdom. If he acted on some such calculation, he has completely gained his object. He has provoked the Government into doing him the honour of making a personal attack on him. If he was only angry, and said so emphatically, the order for his expulsion was none the less unwise, and certainly brutal.

There has been little or no difference of opinion among people entitled to judge of what is mannerly or decent anywhere as to the true character of the present persecution of the members of the former royal families of France. It has been understood to be only one more illustration of an ancient adage touching the behaviour of beggars on horseback. To be in the position of rulers of a great nation is a piece of good fortune which confers a certain dignity; but some sort of personal merit is required on the part of the ruler if the world is to forget that he is in a place he was never born to fill. With the help of genius a man may have started from anywhere and make good his right to the highest position in spite of many faults, but without it there must be some degree of breeding to hide the natural discrepancy between the place and the holder of the place. Now nobody dreams of crediting the present rulers of France with genius, and all these civil engineers, briefless barristers, shopkeepers, and obscure military men have certainly been doing nothing of late to conceal the fact that they have got to places they were not educated to fill. The expulsion of the Duc d'AUMALE is no new thing, and there is nothing more to say about the policy of which it is part. Its details are useful as illustrating the character of the Republic, but that is all. Nothing has happened for long to show better how soundly BURKE judged when he laid it down as a rule that the road to eminence of place ought not to be made too easy. There ought to be some guarantee of the fitness of such as succeed. Now unless the small social envies of small men are a qualification for government, the French Cabinet must be held to have discredited itself. The speech of General BOULANGER in support of the expulsion was, from first to last, an appeal to the envy which is at the root of all the Republican sentiment of France. When he justified the removal of the Duc d'AUMALE's name from the Army List by reminding the Chamber that he had been promoted as the sons of kings usually are in a monarchy, the MINISTER OF WAR was simply appealing to envy. No doubt there are few things to which a Frenchman can appeal with more chance of success in these days, and that proves the sagacity of General BOULANGER, but it also proves that France has fallen into the hands of very small men, moved by very petty considerations. It is almost superfluous to speculate on the future course of this *Fürstentum*. As long, no doubt, as any member of the House of ORLEANS remains in France to remind Republicans that there is such a thing as a gentleman by birth, there will be found Republicans to clamour for their expulsion and Ministers to turn them out. When the process is complete, and the particle "de" has been weeded out of all proper names, and a few other Republican measures have been taken, then—but by that time the general neglect of

the business of government imposed by the gravity of these occupations may have brought the Republic itself to an end. Not that this is by any means to be desired by the neighbours of France; for, as long as she is governed as she is at present and employed as she is at present, she will be, for the first time in her history, quite harmless. General BOULANGER at war with the aristocratic names on hospital wards, the particle "de," and his fellow-officers who had the provoking audacity to be born gentlemen, is a solid guarantee for the continuance of peace.

DOGS AND THE LAW.

IT is to be feared that dogs, with all their numerous fine qualities, do not invariably tend to promote the peace of the world. Here, for instance, are Miss FRANCES RAVELL and Mr. JAMES GREGSON CHAPMAN, who would never have been brought into police-courts and fined but for excitement caused by the friends of man. Miss RAVELL is evidently a person of strong and slightly irritable benevolence, who shares the views once expressed by Mr. BRIGHT on the alleged inferiority of "dumb animals." Miss RAVELL's kindness of heart, however, which does her infinite credit, led her on a recent occasion to forget that policemen, as well as dogs, are her fellow-creatures. If there were many ladies in London who showed Miss RAVELL's impulsively humane disposition, the policeman's lot would be an even less happy one than it actually is. What moved Miss RAVELL's wrath was the slaughter of a dog, and we cannot say that her anger was altogether unjustifiable, though it was misplaced to the extent of twenty shillings and costs. It appears that the dog in question spent the last Bank Holiday in Upper Baker Street, and did there and then, as they used to say in indictments, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but rather moved by the instigation of the Devil, behave himself in an unseemly and suspicious manner. The vigilance of the authorities was aroused, and a strong force of police was summoned, much stronger than if there had been a mere riot. "Inspector PRENDERGAST and some constables" arrived with commendable alacrity, nor is it easy to forget the precedent of JONES's dog and the men of the Grand Duke's army. JONES's dog, however, as described by the late Mr. DOYLE, distanced both troops and populace, after which he ate the sausage he had stolen. Miss CLYDE's dog, in whom Miss RAVELL was interested, fell under repeated blows, apparently from the truncheon of Police Constable NORMAN. It certainly seems extraordinary that the poor brute could not have been more speedily dealt with, and that a policeman charged with such a duty is not provided with a pistol. The dog, according to Inspector PRENDERGAST, had to be disposed of in some way. "It was foaming at the mouth," like HENRIETTA TEMPLE's lover when he saw her unexpectedly, "and its muzzle had to be slipped, and it could have bitten any one." Mr. COOKE thought it unnecessary to decide that the dog was really mad, and we will not rush in where a police magistrate fears to tread. Miss RAVELL for her part rushed upstairs, and exclaimed from a window, "You've no right to kill a dog 'on my doorstep," which is perhaps as good a legal maxim as many that are quoted for law. Unfortunately, Miss RAVELL did not confine herself to the enunciation of principles, sound or otherwise. Forgetting that, in Mr. COOKE's words, the constable might "have reasonable grounds for supposing that the dog was mad," she seized a water-jug, and threw the contents over the Inspector. Her defence was that she meant it for the constable. Probably the Inspector would have preferred that she should mean it for him, and pour it on the constable. At any rate, few can dispute Mr. POLAND's chastened dictum that "a lady could not be permitted to throw water on an officer 'in the performance of his duty without some notice being 'taken of it.'" One of the witnesses for the police, who were exonerated from all blame, said that "if it had been 'his dog he should have shot it for the benefit of the public.'" It is much to be regretted that the dog was not the property of this person.

In Elm Park Gardens, Chelsea, a more secluded spot than Upper Baker Street, it is distressing to find that dogs can rouse some of the worst passions to which the human breast is a prey. The "park enclosure" which the inhabitants of this locality are privileged to use includes no provision for the "barking beast that spoils conversation." Indeed, dogs are expressly excluded, though they seem to

be tacitly admitted. But there are barking beasts and barking beasts. Colonel LENNOX, for instance, likes to see his own collie and fox-terrier ranging the grounds. But he very much objects to Mr. CHAPMAN's dogs enjoying a similar right. He calls them "confounded little curs," and will not swear that he has never applied a still stronger epithet to them. He has even thrown coal at them, an insult which perhaps few owners of dogs would brook. At any rate, Mr. CHAPMAN did not. He knocked off Colonel LENNOX's hat and struck him in the face. The gallant Colonel, though nominally a man of war, is really a man of peace. He very properly declined to be drawn into a vulgar scrimmage, so that "all he did was to seize the defendant's wrist, to prevent further violence." Mr. CHAPMAN was most righteously fined five pounds by Mr. D'EYNCOURT; and it is to be hoped that, for a time at all events, peace may reign in Elm Park Gardens. Colonel LENNOX denies that his collie ever shook "Mrs. CHAPMAN's little animal"; but it were vain to dispute the fact that Colonel LENNOX and the CHAPMANS might have remained friends if either party had been dogless. "Love me, love my dog," is unhappily capable of reverse statement; and even "Hate my dog, I hate you," has far too much truth in it. "Quidquid delirant canes, plectuntur magistri" will not scan. But, if it is not rhyme, it is reason. Mr. CHAPMAN would probably not have departed so far from the normal propriety of Chelsea had his feelings not been wounded by the bits of coal and the "confounded little curs."

THE BELFAST RIOTS.

THERE would probably be little use in endeavouring to apportion the blame of the Belfast riots between the two factions whose animosities so constantly disturb the very precarious peace of that emotional city. As a rule, they contrive to distribute culpability in a mighty equitable fashion, of their own accord—one party beginning the aggression and the other making up for its slackness by behaving with the greater violence of the two. Whether that has been the case in the present instance there is still some difficulty in ascertaining, but the probabilities seem to point that way. It is, at any rate, asserted, and not so far as we have seen denied, that the disturbances of last Tuesday began in an attack on the houses of Orangemen by Roman Catholics; while, on the other hand, in the fatal affray in the brickfield the same night, in which the unfortunate Corporal HUGHES was shot dead, and two constables mortally wounded, the Protestants appear, so far as can be gathered, to have been the principal, or, at any rate, the most effective, performers. Even here, however, it is only fair to notice that, according to one account, the struggle began not in a retaliation on the part of the Protestants for the attack made upon their houses in the morning, but in a response on their part to a fresh provocation. But be this as it may—and it would be as difficult to say which "began it" here as it would be to determine which of two growling, tail-cocking dogs began a fight—there can be no doubt that it was only here and now that the affair first began to assume a serious appearance. Shots were fired here for the first time from among the rioters, and there can be no doubt that this was the critical moment at which a vigorous display of force was urgently required, and would have been sufficient to put down the riots. Unfortunately, however, the resources at the disposal of the authorities were miserably inadequate to the occasion. Only "a very small force of police were 'present' on this 'old battle-ground of the Orange and 'Catholic parties,'" and it was not till the evening was far advanced and the passions of the mob thoroughly aroused that soldiery appeared on the scene. Hence the renewed outbreak later on and the distressing loss of life by which it was attended.

The moral of the whole affair is, it seems to us, a tolerably simple one; and we see no inducement to go so far afield for it as the editor of *United Ireland*. In the opinion of that judicious publicist, the riots were got up by the enemies of Mr. GLADSTONE, and the most effectual way of dealing with them would be for Mr. MORLEY to take heart of grace and clap a whole bench of Orange magistrates into gaol. We propound, as an alternative theory, that the riots were got up by the Nationalist party, in order to make it appear that the so-called incitements of certain English politicians had borne fruit in violence. The bandying, however, of rival and equally unverifiable hypotheses strikes us as rather

unprofitable work. Acting on the sound philosophical maxim that "entia non sunt multiplicanda præter necessitatem," we see no ground whatever for assuming the action of any conspirators, either Orange or Nationalist, in the matter; and, what is more, we feel pretty sure that all good Belfast men, of either religion, would scornfully reject the supposition that any encouragement *ab extra* is necessary to induce them to break the heads of the rival faction on opportunity offered. The only reflection which the incident seems to us to suggest is that, if a perfectly neutral constabulary cannot be trusted to take proper precautions for the prevention of these deplorable outbreaks, we might rely upon it that under the law of love as represented by absolute trust in the impartiality of a Parnellite Executive, Belfast would be in a chronic state of riot. The police in the present instance appear to have assumed, reprehensibly enough, that after the "glorious Twelfth" had passed off without any head-breaking, they might safely relax their vigilance; but their mistake having once been demonstrated to them, they seem to have acted with all due energy and promptitude. The reason why they failed in suppressing the riot at once was simply because they had not provided themselves with a force sufficient to overawe the most dare-devil population in the world. But there is no reason to suppose that the mob who stoned and fired upon the police were actuated by anything but a natural antipathy to the guardians of order. Had we taught one of the two factions, however, to regard the police as the official representatives of its rival—a piece of instruction which they would certainly gather from a Separation Bill, if, indeed, this has not already been gathered from Mr. MORLEY's recent attitude—the fight would in all probability be raging in Belfast to this hour.

DIPHTHERIA IN THE CHARTER HOUSE.

THE Rev. Dr. Haig-Brown, who is the editor of a work entitled *Sertum Carthusianum floribus trium sæculorum contextum*, has managed to entwine new associations into his Carthusian garland. From the real Walter Manny to the fictitious Colonel Newcome the Charter House has in its triple character of monastery, almshouse, and school connected itself with chivalrous and generous recollections. To "the House of the Salutation of the Mother of God" of the Catholic knight of the fourteenth century Protestant benevolence in the opening years of the seventeenth accomplished through Thomas Sutton what Fuller styled "the masterpiece of English charity" in adding the hospital for aged men and the school for poor children. The poor brethren remain. But the children are no longer those of the poor. Mr. Augustus Hare, in his *Walks about London*, enumerates the names of men subsequently great in English literature, in art, and in war who were once Carthusian boys. Among them are Richard Lovelace, Isaac Barrow, Addison, Steele, John Wesley, Sir William Blackstone, Grote, Thirlwall, Julius Hare, Sir Henry Havelock, Sir Charles Eastlake, Thackeray, and John Leech. We can scarcely avoid adding George Warrington and Arthur Pendennis, for to a future generation the heroes of imagination have almost as real an existence as the heroes of history. It is more touching to think of Colonel Newcome among the Poor Brethren than it is to be reminded by Mr. Hare that Elkanah Settle was among them. The Codd Ajax and the Codd Soldier and the Codd Gentleman of Thackeray's recollections take their place with their black gowns in the imagination of the reader of the most touching and pathetic of his romances as clearly almost as they rose in his memory. All these associations of history and romance, so far as they depend upon the site and material structure of the Charterhouse, to give the Charter House its old and uncorrupted name, have for some years been dispersed. If the well-being of the nation is the supreme law of statesmanship, the health of the boys is the first law of education. The sound body must be prepared as the dwelling and instrument of the sound mind. To be pent in a populous city was to invite in the present all those evils which the cheerful muse of Gray discerned as lying in wait for the disagreeably boisterous and too noisily happy population of the playing-fields of Eton, who probably would, in his view, have been more reasonably employed in lying on a sofa and reading, if not the *Sopha* of Crébillon fils, yet the *Sopha* which is the first book of one of the poems of the moral Cowper. Therefore the Charter House was banished from the banks of the Thames to the banks of the Wey. "Smiffle" knew it no more. The breezy downs of Surrey, with health borne on every wind, and the *rus in urbe* of Godalming, gave assurance to anxious parents and guardians that, whatever might become of the minds of their offspring, their bodies would be in good trim.

There has been during the past few days a fearful awakening from this dream of healthy study and yet more healthy play in quiet country scenes. The words death and diphtheria have been on people's lips and in the *Times* newspaper. The "cura Gulielmi Haig-Brown, Archididascali," which wove the memorial garland of the Charter House out of the flowers of three centuries, does not seem to have been sufficiently active in the living present and among

the youth who were committed to his tutelage. No doubt there has been solicitude, but it seems rather to have been directed to concealing the fact that disease and death were in the place than to keeping them away. Mr. F. B. Carritt, a London solicitor, tells a story of which his son is the hero, and which has roused all the parent in the breast of every father and mother of a boy submissive or submissive to the rod of the instructor. This lad, aged fourteen, had mentioned among the *faits divers* of his domestic correspondence, as an item of general school news, that measles were prevalent in the school—German measles, it is said, which, we believe, are a sort of cross between the domestic variety and scarlatina. In these circumstances the youthful Carritt was unable without special parental permission to avail himself of the usual Sunday to Monday exeat. The order *Ne exeat schola* was, however, suspended by the paternal dispensing power. Master Carritt on his arrival home incidentally mentioned other facts which he thought likely to prove interesting to the domestic circle. One fellow in his master's house had got diphtheria, and he believed another fellow in the same house had it too. Carritt *père* attributed these statements, perhaps, to the wildness of youthful imagination on the part of Carritt *fils*, or to a natural inaccuracy of medical diagnosis or medical nomenclature on his son's part. Possibly he saw in it—and we throw out the suggestion without any reflection on the character of the youthful Carritt—not so much art for art's sake as a story with a purpose. German measles had nearly proved fatal to the boy's Saturday to Monday exeat. Diphtheria might perhaps extend his leave of absence. Mr. Carritt, however, declined to believe in anything but measles, and the boy went back on the Monday on which he was due. Resuming his correspondence, and reverting to those items of medical and sanitary gossip to which he seems to have been prone, the ingenious Carritt, after announcing his safe arrival, "incidentally mentioned that one of the boys who had been ill from diphtheria had died on the previous day in the master's house." The parents naturally regarded this statement as something more than a fragment of school news, akin to the announcement that Brown's father had been to see him and given him a sovereign, or that Jones had been nearly drowned in the Wey. Mrs. Carritt, who had written once before to the master of the house, without receiving any reply, wrote again with the same negative result. Mr. Carritt then intervened. He got his medical adviser, Dr. Fletcher, to write to the medical officer of the Charter House, in order to ascertain from him in professional confidence what the facts of the case really were. The medical officer of the Charter House was as reticent as the master of the house. He did not, indeed, leave his correspondent's letter unanswered, but he said nothing. His note is worth quoting in full:—"Charter House, Godalming, July 1, 1886.—My dear Sir,—Mr. Girdlestone will answer any inquiries put directly to him through a boy's parents; and he has requested me to say so, in answer to your letter of inquiry as to diphtheria in his house.—Yours truly, C. Haig-Brown, Medical Officer, Charter House School.—Dr. Fletcher." The signature of this letter is as remarkable as any part of it. It brings us to the fact that Dr. C. Haig-Brown, the medical officer of the Charter House, is the son of the Rev. Dr. W. Haig-Brown, the headmaster, or archididascalus. It seems to follow from its contents that in the view of Mr. Girdlestone and Dr. C. Haig-Brown, the mother of a boy is not his parent, for two letters of Mrs. Carritt had been left unanswered. It is fair, however, to add that Mr. Girdlestone afterwards explained that Mrs. Carritt's letters did not contain any specific questions requiring definite answer. Perhaps this is not a sufficient reason for leaving the lady's letters without even acknowledgment.

Mr. Carritt now very naturally and properly resolved to go down to Godalming himself, in order, like Mr. Micawber while pursuing his investigations into the coal-trade of the Medway, to be on the spot. He was accompanied by Mrs. Carritt. He there and then learned that there had been nine cases of diphtheria, extending over some weeks—a statement which Dr. Haig-Brown (archididascalus) qualifies into two cases of diphtheria and seven cases of throat ailment with diphtheritic tendency during two months; that the boy who had died from diphtheria had occupied a "cubicle" in the same dormitory as, and just opposite to, that of his son; that in the same house there was a boy suffering from the same disease, whose cubicle had been near that of the dead boy, and neither of these lads had been removed to the infirmary.

In these circumstances Mr. Carritt decided to remove his son from the school for the remainder of the term, and communicated this intention to Dr. Haig-Brown, the Head-master, first orally and then in writing. He was twice told that he might take the boy away if he liked, but that if he did so he need not send him back again. Mr. Carritt pointed out that there would be difficulty, if the boy were dismissed, in obtaining admission for him into other public schools, for which long notice was required. Dr. Haig-Brown was inexorable, and persisted in leaving the father in the cruel dilemma of placing the boy's health and even his life in serious danger, or of sacrificing the continuity and solidity of his education and the prospects dependent on it.

From the parent's point of view this is very serious; and there can, we imagine, be only one opinion of Dr. Haig-Brown's conduct and that an adverse one. But the history of the whole affair has other and even graver aspects. There seems to have been a deliberate attempt to conceal from parents and the public the presence within the school of a dangerous and often mortal malady. Measles were acknowledged, diphtheria was concealed. The boys suffering from diphtheria were not sent to the infirmary.

To have sent them there would have been to proclaim the disease. The medical officer of the school is the son of the Head-master, an undesirable and indefensible arrangement, for the momentary interests of the Head-master may sometimes be in conflict with the course which a medical officer ought to recommend and even enforce. The tactics seem to have been adopted which are put in practice when a rumour arises that some fashionable health-resort has been visited by the small-pox or the cholera. The fact is suppressed; evasive statements, and even peremptory contradictions, are put forth. The great object of a head-master—one of the great objects naturally—is to keep up the numbers of his school. They are his payment by results, the test and the reward of his efficiency. Nothing can be so fatal to the success of a school as the belief that its situation, or its buildings, or its general arrangements are faulty. Diphtheria is a disease of which the origin and propagation are obscure, and its appearance in a school would naturally suggest distrust which would not vanish with the malady itself. Therefore—this, at least, is the interpretation which the readers of the correspondence in the *Times* may naturally be driven to, unless further inquiry takes place and fuller explanations are given—the presence of diphtheria in the Charter House last June was to be kept secret. We do not say that the Head-master, the medical officer, and the master of the house in which the cases of diphtheria presented themselves were consciously actuated by these motives. We only state the case against them which they have to answer, the points that have to be cleared up. Mr. Carritt's personal grievance, real though that is, is less important than the general question which he has raised, and which he has done a public service in raising, as to the obligations of the head-masters and medical officers of public schools in regard to the health of the lads under their charge. The dictionaries tell us that *διφθερίαισος* is a Cyprian word for a schoolmaster. With the addition of a single letter it might mean diphtheria suppressor or effacer, and not be altogether inapplicable as the name of a schoolmaster in England.

THE LETTER WHICH WAS NOT PUBLISHED.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, according to the Fashionable Intelligence, has gone off somewhere yachting with Lord Wolverton in search of needful rest and refreshment after that campaign against "Judas Iscariot" (as the Lord Wolvertons of this world count Judas) which has been conducted, especially in the county of Dorset, with such strict regard to the theory that peers should not interfere in the election of knights and burgesses. The Fashionable Intelligence does not quite know whither Sir William Harcourt has gone; though he was last heard of in the latitude of Guernsey. Perhaps he has gone to the Land of the Midnight Sun. Not only do many persons about this time go to the Land of the Midnight Sun, but the position would be very suitable to the Chancellor of the Exchequer at this moment. Sir William has always had a horror of setting suns; and just now there is a sun in England which is setting about as fast as a sun can set, while the luminary of the North Cape is fortunately free, at any rate for some time to come, from this degrading tendency.

Menez-moi, dit la belle,
A la rive fidèle,

where something else does not set, in one of the most charming songs in words and music of the last half-century. "Take me," says Sir William Harcourt (*beau d'indolence* after his exertions), to the faithful shore where suns have not their usual inconvenient habit of setting. And Lord Wolverton (at least we will hope so) takes him. But Sir William has in his pocket, unless indeed he has put it in the archives of his country (say among the Pipe Rolls which have so puzzled foreign scholars), a document of surpassing interest which has hitherto escaped the just curiosity of the public. "Quand sera-t-il dehors?" as, according to the late Mr. G. S. FitzBoodle, Prince Talleyrand remarked many years ago. When will that document be out?

It may seem strange that when letters and telegrams of Mr. Gladstone are being published by the long hundred—letters and telegrams, too, which are not exactly calculated to do Mr. Gladstone's reputation any permanent good—a document of such value as this should remain *anecdote*. We derive our knowledge of it from a speech of Sir William's delivered last week in the Amity Hall, Poole. He had received, he said, a letter from Mr. Gladstone "full of such calmness and courage and quiet undismay as became the chief of such a party as the Liberal party." But then Sir William diverged. He gave us no sample of the calmness and the courage and the quiet undismay. He laid himself open to that just castigation which so many minor novelists undergo from the hands of the scornful critic. They tell us that Imogen Hermione was of a loveliness so dazzling that it really made you wink; but they produce no *signalement* of Imogen Hermione that in the least justifies this assertion. They remark that the poems of Algernon de Vavasour left all productions of Keats's and Shelley's at a similar age a long way behind, and that his criticisms were superior to our own; but they omit to give extracts from these works in verse and prose. Now this is what Sir William seems to have done likewise, and at a singularly inopportune moment. When he spoke at the Amity Hall, Poole, and appropriately gave a friendly lead to Lord Wolverton's candidate, the case of England v. Gladstone was not exactly in a condition where the defendant could spare profitable testimony. A

letter showing calmness and quiet undismay (to do Mr. Gladstone that justice which we can afford to do to opponents, we don't know that he was ever wanting in a certain kind of courage) would have been rather valuable just then. But Sir William has so scrupulous a regard for the decencies of private life, and is so well aware of Mr. Gladstone's own nervous horror of publicity, that he kept the contents of that letter, as the vulgar say, dark. All we can say is that a great judge of courage and quiet undismay assures us that Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Gladstone's letters are full of both. To do more, to betray the contents of confidential correspondence, would have been worthy, perhaps, of some persons; it was not worthy of Sir William Harcourt. So he didn't do it, and in these days it is indeed gratifying to meet with statesmen who will not do what is not worthy of them.

However, the want of this very interesting document is made more obvious by the other documents which we do possess. A fatal, but perhaps unavoidable, change has come over the general tendency of the Gladstonian correspondence this week. Mr. Gladstone has still written letters recommending candidates to constituencies, which have, as a rule, promptly dishonoured the bill, and rejected the said candidates. But the contradictions of that large majority of sinners which at present peoples the British Isles have necessitated the introduction of a new letter-form at Hawarden. Mr. Gladstone no longer merely writes to recommend; he writes to condole. And his letters are certainly condolences with a vengeance. He has not, indeed, reached the height of eloquence in kicking, oratorically, again: the pricks which has been attained (and repented of) by Mr. Lewis Morris. The portrait of the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain by Mr. Morris ("that foppish eyeglass, that insincere eye, that glaring orchid in his button-hole stinking of vulgar wealth") is not to be matched by a mere Prime Minister and prose-writer who has done you a version of a hymn or two. But still Mr. Gladstone is pretty well. That the Duke of Westminster should have lent his carriage to take voters against Dr. Foster is "a blow struck at the aristocracy"—a "fresh" blow, too, which obviously indicates that Mr. Gladstone has got on in the famous "One-two-three" about the House of Lords. The great but vanquished Mr. Kitson, of Leeds, also comes in for a consolation. "We have Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and the civilized world with us," says Mr. Gladstone. From which it would appear that Scotland, Wales, and Ireland are not part of the civilized world; and, indeed, in so far as they supported Mr. Gladstone, there is much to be said for that contention. "It is probable," continues he, "that from this moment our cause will visibly move upwards," and a very unkind writer in the *Times* has suggested that the movement upwards of the scale has nearly reached the beam. But Mr. Gladstone has a repartee ready to his hand in an epigram which every Eton man knows, and we should rather suggest that he meant "it will soon be all up with our cause"—a most sound and just prediction. As for the rest of Mr. Gladstone's letter and his assurance that the "high character" of Mr. Kitson has been raised even higher by his conduct, we say nothing. We are not in a position to offer any opinion.

We do not know that the calmness and courage and quiet undismay which Sir William Harcourt commends are particularly visible in this letter, but they certainly must have been required, in order to bear certain rejoinders which his epistolary exercise of the last week or two has brought on Mr. Gladstone. In particular he has received two very nasty ones from the Duke of Westminster and from Mr. Jesse Collings, to the former of whom he has a long-winded and semi-apologetic reply. We need not analyse these compositions, over which everybody has already laughed. But when Mr. Jesse Collings—"a certain Mr. Jesse Collings"—quotes Mr. Gladstone's statement that he did not share a certain Mr. Jesse Collings's policy, and asks, "If he did not share my policy, why did he accept office and power on my amendment?" the impartial judge is compelled to cry, "A hit! a palpable hit!" And when the Duke of Westminster, addressing "My dear Gladstone" in the most amiable way in the world, announces that he finds himself in cordial co-operation with the great mass of the working classes in England and the aristocracy against "My dear Gladstone's" policy, it is also, considering what has happened, difficult not to say "*touché*." Now for Mr. Gladstone to be scored off by a mere duke and by a certain Mr. Jesse Collings is surely a very bad business indeed. He will hardly make up for this awkwardness by elaborate descriptions of the "enormous moving upwards" of his schemes "within the last twelve months" (so Mr. Gladstone determined to go in for Home Rule exactly when he was beaten on the Budget—did he?) and by other fancy accounts of the late happy despatch. For there are cases in which the arts of discretion are unhappily unavailing. In a famous and curiously parallel instance it may have been effective to allude to the death of a person who had been knocked on the head with a quart pot in a cellar as "an imperceptible gliding from the world to seek elsewhere for repose and peace." But the essence of the merit of this description lay in the fact that the jury in Bardell and Pickwick were not acquainted with the actual facts. This, alas! is not the case here. The thing—the doing to death of Mr. Gladstone's Bill—has not been done in a cellar, has not been done in a corner at all. We all know all about it, and the phrase "enormously moving upward" (meaning thereby that it has been kicked out by an enormous majority) will do Mr. Gladstone no more good than his description of the rejection of Sir George Trevelyan as a "notice," or his argument that for the Duke of Westminster to lend carriages to Dr. Foster is an act of aristocratic virtue, while

for the Duke of Westminster to lend carriages to Mr. Yerburgh is a fresh blow struck at the aristocracy.

Therefore it will be clear without further demonstration that Sir William Harcourt has been guilty of a great tactical error in not producing and publishing *in extenso* this famous and tantalizing letter from Mr. Gladstone. For not only are calmness and quiet exactly the qualities which would put Mr. Gladstone highest in the estimation of the British public at this moment, but they are the qualities which, in the estimation of probably the large majority of the British public, he has at this moment most conspicuously failed to display. So that the letter ought most certainly to have been "put in." But, alas! it is too late. Whether Sir William has really gone off into the blue distance in search of an unsetting sun, or whether he has gone no further than the Channel Islands; whether the letter which was not published ever is published or not, the election of 1886 will have been carried through without the light that might have been given as to Mr. Gladstone's calmness and courage and quiet undismay. "My name is Might-Have-Been," says a gruesome abstraction in one of the late Mr. Rossetti's sonnets, and proceeds to enumerate several other unconsolatory aliases. To these names also answers, in this class is also included, the letter which was not published, but which Mr. Gladstone wrote to Sir William Harcourt, full of calmness and courage and quiet undismay. More ill-fated than the story of Cambuscan bold, or even that of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles, almost more than that other legend which Humphreys told Harlow, and the very subject of which is unknown to man, the letter which was not published, but which Mr. Gladstone wrote to Sir William Harcourt, full of calmness and courage and quiet undismay, abides in limbo; while the letters which tell of Mr. Gladstone's flutter and of his foolhardiness and of his unquiet dismay swarm in the columns of every newspaper, and have helped to swell the majority against him at every poll.

PARISIAN SHOWS.

PARIS has been called a hell for horses and a heaven for women, and it may truly be said to be a seventh heaven for children. There are the inexhaustible wonders of its brilliant toy-shop windows and the unending panorama of its bright streets; and then, above all, there is its interminable succession of shows of all sorts for the delight of man, woman, and child. Perhaps the children have the best of it—the real children, we mean, whether young in years or of a larger growth, but retaining a wholesome liking for the things liked by the real child. It may be doubted whether a child who is not a real child, who is old beyond his years and who carries the burden of the ages on his young shoulders, is less tolerable and more unendurable than the man who is harshly opposed to all playful pastimes and who has clean forgotten that he was ever a boy. To boy-men, on the one hand, and to men who never were boys, on the other, Parisian shows may not appeal or may appeal in vain—and for them, therefore, these lines were not written. But all healthy-minded youth of all ages who joy in the primitive play of that itinerant manager, the exhibitor of the humours of Mr. Punch and of the sad and sudden bereavement and demise of his faithful spouse, Mrs. Judy, and of the untimely death of their beautiful offspring, and of the strange caprices of their faithful and four-footed attendant, Toby—all those, we repeat, who from their simplicity of heart are worthy to enjoy the unique drama of Punch and Judy, will be glad to know that a new theatre has been built in the garden of the Tuileries for the performances of M. Guignol, who is Mr. Punch's French cousin-german. The chief resort of M. Guignol, since he came from Lyons to Paris, has been on both sides of the Avenue Marigny in the Champs Elysées, facing the Palais de l'Industrie, where there is now the far less interesting and quite as wooden-headed show of the Salon. And here he still abounds most numerous; here there are still three of him, set over against each other, and treading on each other's heels in their hours of performance. There were four stands only a few years ago; but one of them has given place to a tiny little theatre for the performance of the delightful delusions of prestidigitation and "white physic"; and here on a stage barely eight feet by five, a survivor of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood—that is to say, if we are right in believing that this mystic fraternity was nothing more or less than a secret society of professional conjurers—here an adept in the art of magic performs, before a marvelling throng thrilling with awe and wonder, the prehistoric illusions of the Rising Card and of the Multiplying Money and of the Inexhaustible Hat. Yet another of the five little stands which cluster together opposite the Palais de l'Industrie is a marionette theatre, with a solid floor, and with puppets worked by strings and wires from above. This has always seemed to us a lower form of art than that revealed in the ordinary puppet-show, of which Punch and Judy is the English type, and in which the figures are animated directly by the human hand, and not indirectly and remotely by *ficelles* as obvious as those in the plays of M. Sardou and M. Dennery. The Italians, although they have also the puppet-show worked from below, are perhaps fonder of the marionettes worked from above, and they have brought these performances to a high state of perfection, slinking neither from the solemnity of tragedy nor from the graceful agility of the ballet, as the reader may see excellently set forth in Mr. Story's *Roba di Roma*. The little marionette

theatre in the Champs Elysées does not attempt these higher flights of the dramatic art, and it contents itself with a simple play or two, with the astounding feats of skill of a juggler casting balls aloft, and catching them again by the aid of a not too visible thread, and with the traditional *Mère Gigogne*—a sort of Parisian Old-Woman-who-dwelt-in-a-Shoe, in so far at least as her multiplicity of children is concerned. *Mme. La Mère Gigogne* appears first in a simple *pas seul*; then, from her voluminous skirts there is disengaged or evolved a little child who joins in the dance; then, from the other side of the mother's skirts, there appears another child; and then, after due intervals, a third and a fourth appear; and then there is a *pas de cinq*, and the family, all five of them, dance off together.

This is interesting, of course, but we cannot think that it is either as entertaining or as instructive as the puppet-show of the Punch and Judy type, the Guignol of Lyons, now a citizen of Paris. Of these there are now three at the Avenue Marigny, and one of these—the *Vrai Guignol* of M. Anatole—is well worthy of attention by all students and children. Although we have no desire to cast any reflection on the ancient tragedy of Punch and Judy as performed daily in the streets of London, we cannot but confess that there is some foundation for the accusation of monotony which may be brought against it. Punch and Judy may be longer or shorter (according to the take), but the succession of scenes is inexorable and limited. Here, perhaps, as in certain other branches of the dramatic art, they order things better in France, in Italy, and in Germany. In each of these countries there are certain fixed types, certain figures which reappear in all the plays; but the plays themselves are unlimited in number and variety, and depend only on the intelligence and ingenuity of the operator. Herein the Continental puppet-play is like the old Italian *commedia dell'arte*, from which perhaps it is derived, and from which, as we all know, the English pantomime has descended. We cannot help thinking that there would be a regeneration of the puppet-shows of England if the performances of Punch and Judy were varied by performances of other plays, in which the same characters—Mr. Punch, Mrs. Judy, the Infant Phenomenon, Toby, Jack Ketch, and their noble associates—might appear in other situations, just as Clown and Pantaloon, Harlequin and Columbine, appear in a great variety of comic scenes, although they themselves do not change their nature, and although their relations to each other are fixed and unchanging. M. Anatole, the manipulator of the *Vrai Guignol*, is an inventor of exceeding ingenuity, and he has devised a great variety of amusing situations, in which Guignol and his father play the chief parts; unless we are greatly mistaken, the invention of the crocodile which swallows one of the characters is due to M. Anatole's fertile brain, and also that of the swarm of wasps which attacks the villain at the critical moment. But M. Anatole has been surpassed in turn by the manager of the new puppet-show in the garden of the Tuileries, of which we spoke at the beginning of these remarks. This new establishment is called the *Théâtre Amusant*, and those who pay a penny for the privilege of seeing *Riquiqui* or *Les Cancans de Madame Fufou* are accommodated with chairs, and are protected from the inclemency of the weather by a canvas covering. Yet the superiority of the *Théâtre Amusant* in the garden of the Tuileries over the *Théâtre du Vrai Guignol* in the Champs Elysées is not in the mere luxury and splendour of its installation; it is rather in the superior breadth of its stage and in the boldness of the manager in supplementing the labours of the chief manipulator with those of two assistants, so that the delighted spectator may now have the joy of seeing six figures on the stage at once, all engaged in active altercation. Accompanying this increase of the *dramatis personæ*—almost as important and as epoch-making as the addition of the third actor by *Æschylus*—is corresponding increase in the scenic display. One of the plays performed with great success at the *Théâtre Amusant* is entitled *L'Envoyé du Czar*, and it is declared to be a *pièce à grand spectacle en dix tableaux*. This is, in fact, a reduction of the ingenious M. Jules Verne's *Michel Strogoff*, and it is set off with much spectacular scenery, with many practicable doors and windows, and with much firing of pistol-shots and much burning of red-fire. We cannot repress a feeling, a vague doubt, that perhaps these improvements are signs rather of decay than of progress, and that the simple, old-fashioned Guignol or Punch and Judy is a more elevating form of art, more durable and more consoling than that offered at the *Théâtre Amusant*. But, on the other hand, there is no denying that all progress is at the risk of damage to the most cherished institutions of the past—a damage from which they escape very often. If the puppet-show is to remain in its present proud position as the chief dramatic entertainment of the youth of the world—although the youth of the world is perhaps the most conservative body in existence—it must welcome improvement from the East and the West. With the puppet-shows of the East the West is not familiar, save perhaps that it knows, by name at least, the strange spectacle which is accepted in Constantinople. It was with great pleasure, therefore, that one read the announcement that a *Guignol Japonais* was to be seen at the Japanese Museum under the Grand Hôtel. This museum is an imitation Japanese Village, all in waxwork—a Japanese *Mrs. Jarley's*. The Japanese Punch and Judy did not come up to expectation, however, owing chiefly to the deficiencies of the manipulator. Like the English managers who insist on the adapting of French plays when a simple translation would be much better, the French

exhibitor of the Japanese puppet-show did not perform the genuine Japanese puppet-play, but introduced forcibly three Japanese figures into the ordinary French puppet-play. The three Japanese puppets are most ingeniously constructed; they can frown, and move their eyes, and open their mouths, and turn their arms and hands in a style quite unknown to Western puppets; but, after all, the play's the thing, and the performance of the *Guignol Japonais* was dull beyond belief.

There is no lack of other shows in Paris, as we have already said; and one of them is novel enough to deserve detailed description. As Rome is the city of seven hills, so is Paris now the city of four circuses. There is the Cirque d'Hiver and there is the Cirque d'Été, between which one company vibrates according to the seasons. There is the Hippodrome, with its vast arena and its amusing races; and there is the Nouveau Cirque, of which the final performances of the first spring season have just terminated. The Nouveau Cirque is in the Rue Saint-Honoré, and it has succeeded the Panorama of Reichshofen; those who go to the former still enter through the ample vestibule designed for the latter by M. Charles Garnier. It is built on the site of the popular public ball-room known as Valentino, where the visitor to Paris might once see a *cavalier seul* of another kind than that which the circus now offers. Its great novelty is that it is both equestrian and aquatic—a double use of a single building recalling the naval sham-fights which took place in the Coliseum and other Roman amphitheatres. The performance is divided into three parts, of which the first two are much like those in other circuses; there are acrobats and bareback steeds and trained dogs and clowns and gymnasts and Tiger Horses exhibited by M. Loyal. At the end of the second part the assistants roll up the heavy circular mat which has carpeted the ring and which takes the place of the ordinary tan-bark; and this mat, corded tightly together, is wheeled away, revealing the bare boards of the flooring of the ring. These bare boards are seen to be perforated with many augur-holes. A large electric lamp is placed in the centre of the ring; then it is left empty, and the perforated floor suddenly descends, and water gushes up through the holes, and in a few seconds the ring is a huge swimming-tank, five or six feet deep at least. And in this swimming-tank Professor Johnson and his six daughters proceed to give an aquatic exhibition, not unlike that given at the Aquarium here by Miss Beckwith and her brother. The defect of their entertainment is that it lacks stage-management and *mise-en-scène*; it needs a stage-manager or ring-master, who should introduce the performers and announce in succession the feats they are about to accomplish. But no doubt this will be remedied in due time; there are many opportunities for spectacular development which the manager, ingenious enough to have invented this aquatic circus, may be relied on to improve. The swimming tank is very much larger than the ring; it extends under the seats of the spectators, and there is now a pleasant effect of surprise in the sudden appearance in the middle of the ring of the swimmers who have gone into the water under the flooring out of sight. In summer the circus is to be given up, the seats are to be taken out, and the Nouveau Cirque will then become the Thermes Saint-Honoré, a huge swimming-bath, open to all, and fitted with all the modern improvements.

RACING.

ALTHOUGH many men who are fond of racing do not trouble themselves much about it between Ascot and the Newmarket July Meeting, it would be impossible to ignore the racing which takes place in the interval without losing the thread of the story. The Manchester Cup confirmed the form shown by Riversdale in the race for the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, when he ran within half a length of Button Park at 6 lbs., for he now beat The Bard when receiving the enormous allowance of 2 st. 3 lbs. It was a mere match between the pair, and, although Riversdale won by a length and a half, he was quite run out. This race proves how superior The Bard is to anything that ran for the Prince of Wales's Stakes. Thus far nothing has happened to throw any shadow upon the lustre of our three leading heroes of the year—namely, Ormonde, The Bard, and Minting; and, indirectly, the Epsom Grand Prize, the Prince of Wales's Stakes, the Manchester Cup, and many other races have tended to their still greater glorification.

There was a great deal of two-year-old racing between Ascot and the Newmarket July Meeting. Panzerschiff, who had been one of the most brilliant performers of the two-year-olds that ran at Ascot, where he won two races, beating opponents who afterwards distinguished themselves, won a third race at Stockbridge. At the same meeting a two-year-old called Timothy, an own brother to Peter, beat his nephew out of Electric Light. But the surprise of the meeting, as far as two-year-olds were concerned, was when Mamia beat Jack-o'-Lantern, upon whom 6 to 1 had been laid for the Hurstbourne Stakes. Jack-o'-Lantern had won the Whitsuntide Plate of 2,000*l.* at Manchester, beating Salisbury, the first favourite, who had already beaten Mamia. That Mamia should now beat Jack-o'-Lantern was, therefore, a glaring upset of public form, and it made the two-year-old problem more intricate than ever. Lady Muncaster, who beat fourteen two-year-olds for the Seaton Delaval Stakes at Newcastle a few days after the Stockbridge Meeting, had been more than three lengths behind Jack-o'-Lantern at Manchester. The very moderate form that had

been shown by Mamia in some of her other races made matters still more complicated. The victory of the Napoli colt for the valuable Great Midland Foal Plate at Four Oaks was lessened in importance by the fact that he was receiving 21 lbs. from Binder, who ran second. Stetchworth, a colt by Hampton that had cost 1,000 guineas last autumn, won the Royal Plate of 837*l.* at Windsor from Enterprise, the winner of the New Stakes at Ascot. He was receiving 7 lbs.; but he won easily by two lengths. We shall have something more to say of this colt presently.

The Stockbridge Cup, which was won by Campbell, a four-year-old that had already won a couple of races this season, brought about the death of the Prince of Wales's rather promising filly, Counterpane, who died of heart disease just after passing the winning-post. In the same race Cerealis ran for the first time. This colt had been bought for 3,000 guineas at Lord Falmouth's celebrated sale two years ago, and he was now unplaced. At Derby the popular Welbeck Cup of 1,000*l.*, a five-furlong handicap, brought out seventeen horses—a field of exactly the same strength as that of last year. The once famous Crafton was considered to have a great chance of winning under 7 st. 7 lbs.; but he was beaten by a neck, after a desperate race, by Kingwood, the winner of the Kempton Whitsuntide Cup, who was giving him 16 lbs. Curiously enough, the only race that the unfortunate Crafton had ever won had been his first. The Northumberland Plate was supposed to be almost a gift for Selby, a four-year-old carrying only 6 st. 9 lbs., that had not run for two years and had never won a race; but he was just beaten by Stonechink, who, far from having been bottled up, had run no less than twenty-seven times, and had won nine races. She was, moreover, giving Selby 13 lbs. Thus two very "good things" only just failed to come off; but in neither case was there much regret among disinterested sportsmen.

The Newmarket July Meeting is a sort of half-way house in the racing season. The yearling sales are almost as important as the racing at this meeting, and they began drearily; for the first three lots, two yearlings by Isonomy and one by Galopin, only made 50 guineas apiece. There were only seven starters for the July Stakes of 1,230*l.* Enterprise, of whom we have said something already, and Hugo, a colt by Balfie that had never yet run in public, were equal favourites at 2 to 1; St. Mary, another novice, that had cost 3,900 guineas last year at the Blankney sale, was backed at 3 to 1; and 10 to 1 was laid against April Fool, the winner of the Brocklesby Stakes. The other competitors were Vatican, who had won the Kempton Park Great Breeders' Produce Stakes, one of the richest two-year-old races of the season, Isosceles, who had only been beaten by a neck for the same race, and a colt belonging to the Duke of Hamilton bearing the euphonious name of Juggins. The three favourites came away from the rest of the field a hundred yards from the start, and were never again caught. Enterprise made the running, and, although he swerved a little in coming down the hill, he held his advantage to the end, and won easily by four lengths from Hugo. St. Mary was a bad third. Enterprise showed some signs of temper both before and during his race for the July Stakes, and at this many critics shook their heads. Then, as we have said already, he had been beaten by Stetchworth at Windsor. It was a question whether the 7 lbs. which he gave to Stetchworth exonerated him from his defeat by two lengths. In most cases such a beating would be considered more than equivalent to 7 lbs.; but the style of a beating, the relative condition of the competitors after the race, the character and length of the course, and the incidents of the race itself have to be taken into consideration in comparing measurement with weight. On paper, however, the July Stakes appeared to make Stetchworth's form the best of the season.

The race that followed the July Stakes was won by Financier, a two-year-old gelding by The Miser, out of Rosalie, that had been purchased last year for the small sum of 85 guineas. He has already won more than 700*l.*; and, if what is said of him by some people be true, he is likely to win many races. The first race of the meeting was a match between two Arabs, Asil and Kismet, ridden by Archer and Wood. The long odds of 9 to 2 were laid on Asil, who was beaten last year by twenty lengths when receiving 4½ st. from one of the worst English racehorses in training. There was now rather a pretty race between the two Arabs, and Kismet won by three-quarters of a length. The Visitors' Plate brought out a field of eighteen; and the honours of the race, though not the stakes, fell to Exning, for he was only beaten a head by Northern Duke, whom he was meeting at a disadvantage of 32 lbs. at weight for age. He is unquestionably a horse of great speed over six furlongs.

Some yearlings fetched high prices on the Wednesday morning. A brother to Paradox made 3,100 guineas, and a brother to Beaudesert 2,350 guineas. The Sterlings sold remarkably well, nine of them averaging something over 1,340 guineas, and an average of nearly 400*l.* was excellent for half a dozen yearlings by so young a sire as Barcheldine. Grandison (the winner of the Windsor Castle Stakes at Ascot) had no difficulty in beating Devilshoof (the winner of a Triennial at Ascot) for the Exeter Stakes for two-year-olds. The July Cup, although only worth 300*l.*, brought out Melton, who was giving 12 lbs. each to Brighton, Fulmen, and Highland Chief. Some little time since there had been a rumour that Melton was lame, and 12 lbs. seemed a good deal for him to give to Brighton over 6 furlongs, so the fielders laid 5 to 4 against him. Both Fulmen and Brighton challenged him at the foot of the hill, but to no purpose, as Archer rode him out

opposite the stand and won by three parts of a length. In the Beaufort Stakes Kingwood succeeded in winning his third handicap in succession—a somewhat uncommon feat.

The Chesterfield Stakes on the Thursday ended in another complete reversal of public form. After the July Stakes it seemed that at last one could point to a couple of two-year-olds as being at the head of the class; but now Stetchworth, who had beaten Enterprise, was not even placed to Freshwater, who had been easily beaten by Enterprise for the New Stakes at Ascot. Stetchworth showed some signs of temper before his race; so had Enterprise before the July Stakes, for the matter of that, and if they are both evil-tempered, they may prove thorns in the flesh to students of public form. For the Whitsuntide Plate, Freshwater had been unplaced to Jack-o'-Lantern, and Jack-o'-Lantern had been beaten by Mamia, so it was possible to argue that Mamia's form was better than that of the winners of the July and the Chesterfield Stakes. Altogether, a lot of old Selling-Platers could scarcely have run more in and out than the two-year-olds of this season.

Mr. Chaplin's yearlings sold well on the Thursday, but their average—792½ guineas—was less than half that of last year. The death of Queen Adelaide has done much to reduce it. A year ago, one of her daughters (St. Mary) had made 3,900 guineas, the year before another had fetched 2,000, and in the two previous years her yearlings had brought 1,600 and 3,600 guineas. The racing on the Friday was of no special interest. Odds of 2 to 1 were laid upon Draycot for the Princess of Wales's Cup for two-year-olds, yet the race fell not to him, but to the aforesaid Juggins, against whom 20 to 1 was laid. Two-year-old races are indeed dangerous things to bet upon in 1886.

The Liverpool Cup produced a fine race and a great surprise. Eastern Emperor was a strong first favourite, and Cambusmore was second favourite, but neither of them was placed; Perdita II. and Middlethorpe, who started at 100 to 8 and 100 to 7, ran a dead heat, and the stakes were divided. Perdita II. had won the Great Cheshire Handicap, but last year she ran eleven times without winning a race. Middlethorpe was supposed to be at his best at a mile, and the course for the Liverpool Cup is nearly a mile and a half, so he was not fancied. Moreover, he had beaten Cambusmore by half a length at Epsom, when receiving 7 lbs., and now he was giving Cambusmore 7 lbs., so it seemed probable that their positions would be reversed. The St. George's Stakes was at the mercy of The Bard, who was only opposed by Sir Isaac; but Archer chose to win in his favourite fashion, "in a canter by a neck." The Mersey Stakes was won by Juggins, who beat Alarm in a canter. Now Alarm had beaten Mamia, a filly that had shown form of a high class, as we pointed out above. Yet Juggins had been unplaced for the July Stakes, so here we had confusion worse confounded.

The great event of the current racing year—the Eclipse Stakes—will take place next Friday. All that we will say of it just now is that it has already had one good effect in doing something to prolong what had threatened to be an unusually short London season.

THE FOLKESTONE EXHIBITION.

THE county of Kent abounds in art treasures and valuable private collections. Many of us remember the splendid gathering of portraits and of municipal gold and silver plate which was made at Canterbury some ten years ago for an archaeological meeting. It is, therefore, with anticipations of interest and pleasure that the visitor leaves the train at Shorncliffe station and crosses the chalky plain to the Exhibition building on the Lees. The building is in the well-known South Kensington, or Exhibition, style of architecture—a style as indescribable as it is familiar to every free-born Briton, from Bethnal Green to Melbourne, from Dublin to the backwoods of Canada. All around houses in that style of red-brick architecture which its inventors fondly call "Queen Anne," and which it is to be feared our posterity may term "Queen Victoria," are springing up, and hide the narrow line of deep-blue sea which should be visible over the cliff. The railway which, according to posters and time-tables, runs almost into the Exhibition, is, as the visitor soon discovers, "not in use for ordinary traffic," and he has his choice of Shorncliffe, as aforesaid, of Cheriton Arch, of Folkestone Junction, and of Folkestone Harbour stations; the probability being that, if he proceed to the last named, he will never reach, or indeed wish to reach, the Exhibition at all. If, however, he braves distance and danger successfully, and presents himself at the turnstile, the first thing that strikes him is the apathy of the natives, who evidently regard with surprise and even pity his efforts to enter their Exhibition. When he has succeeded, when he has been the round of the galleries, and has emerged safely, he too regards with surprise, but not with envy, those who come after him. In fact, considering that some of the most remarkable, beautiful, and valuable objects ever publicly shown are gathered in the building, the uninteresting and indeed deterrent result of the whole is marvellous. Whether this result has been attained by the want of arrangement, whether by the want of selection, or whether by the shortcomings of the Official Catalogue—a document full of sad teachings to future exhibitors and exhibition managers, but otherwise only funny—we cannot undertake to say. Certainly the visitor who walks by the light of nature modified by experience will be better without the Catalogue, unless he

derive a malicious enjoyment from a reading of the choicer passages.

For example, some of the pictures and drawings are numbered, and many of them are well worth seeing. Among them the finest in many respects, and, indeed, to those who have never seen it before, a consolation for much wasted labour, is "657," a picture by "F. B. J.," entitled "Lucretia," lent by an anonymous contributor. Here the visitor will see perhaps the most lovely face and the most exquisite design in composition and colouring in the gallery, and, were it not for the Catalogue, would attribute the picture at once to Mr. E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A. Still more astonishing is a mighty work attributed to Mr. Walter Crane, and thus described, "The fate of Persephone. A colossal painting on canvas, measuring 36 ft. by 17 ft., representing the battle of Hastings," and so on for several lines. We have heard the battle of Hastings described by various names of late years, such as "Battle of Senlac," and even "Battle of Battle Abbey," but "The fate of Persephone" is new, and, as an interesting addition to the list, may be recommended to the notice of the next historian who wishes to treat of the Norman Conquest in an original manner. Of minor peculiarities the Catalogue offers a large choice. No. 253 represents a view, not very interesting or admirable, of a foreign city, and is described as "The return of the lost one," by Andrew MacCullum. No. 159 is "Farm House in the Marsh," by W. Muller. It would scarcely occur to any one not a native of Folkestone that this is a correct description of Professor Carl Müller's "Street Fountain in Cairo," which we all saw and admired at the French Gallery in Pall Mall not long ago. Two drawings of heads are Nos. 726 and 732, the first of exquisite tenderness and beauty. No artist's name is given in the Catalogue, but we cannot go wrong in attributing them to the same "F. B. J." whose "Lucretia" is noticed above as worthy of Mr. Burne-Jones. But the danger of opening the Catalogue and speculating on the meaning of its oracular entries is that no time would be left for seeing the Exhibition, and as a majority of the articles are either not catalogued, not labelled, catalogued wrong, or labelled wrong, we can reserve its fascinating pages for the domestic circle, and endeavour to name the objects which chiefly attract us without its assistance, merely pausing to call attention, as a matter of curiosity, to p. 116, where, in fifteen entries relating to early printed books lent by the British Museum, there are at least thirteen bad misprints, and probably twice as many had we time to count them.

This is the first, or one of the first, occasions on which the authorities of the British Museum have lent duplicates from their collections, and the result is not encouraging. The cases are dispersed in various parts of the building, and the arrangement—well, there is no arrangement, so it cannot be criticized. Some of the greatest rarities, chiefly examples of the early printers, are here, and each book has the British Museum description with it, so that a chronological or an alphabetical sequence might easily have been managed; but even this would have failed to make the books available for study, as the items are not numbered. Lord Hothfield lends what the Catalogue calls "the Mazurine Bible," a copy on vellum, together with the equally rare Bible of 1462. Mr. Henry Hicks Gibbs has sent a magnificent collection of illuminated manuscripts and fine printed books and bindings; and there are at least three examples of "the first printed copy of Shakespeare in 1623," as the Catalogue calls them. In short, with a well-informed guide many days might be pleasantly and profitably spent among the book-cases.

Of treasures of gold and silver, of miniatures and embroideries, of personal relics and curiosities, there are large quantities. Some rooms look like Ali Baba's cave, and some like the pirate's hoards we read of in books of adventure. In one, no single articles being specified, and few or no labels being appended, we might at our leisure seek out and admire the objects contained in four collections briefly summed up in the Official Catalogue as "Fine specimens of old French Furniture, lent by Cavendish-Bentinck, Esq. (sic). Italian Ivories and Netchkys, lent by Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart. The Brighton Museum have (sic) lent Spring Guns, Curfews, Footmen, Old Sussex Fire Backs, and many objects of local interest, together with some specimens of rare Delft. The Worshipful Company of Ironmongers have contributed some Reproductions of their Famous Plate." The rest of the page is eked out with the advertisement of a "patent self-adjusting" surgical-instrument maker. The Princess Louise has sent some very beautiful wrought-iron work—which, by the way, is neatly grouped with a skeleton hanging in chains and an original pillory, complete, from Rye. There are portraits and other relics of William Harvey, and of another William, who called himself Courtenay, and tried to play over again the part of Jack Cade, some fifty years ago. But perhaps the most important collection of the kind is that formed by Baron de Cosson of ancient armour. This occupies, so far as can be ascertained, a number of cases, but is not labelled, and is not so much as mentioned in the Catalogue. Baron de Cosson is known to be one of the best of living judges of armour; and the appearance in the midst of his collection of a large tilting helmet of a character which most people have learned to consider forged should at least have been explained. The owner of this splendid museum of armour might well have insisted on his right to label and catalogue it himself. As it is, we may pore over it for days without attaining to any special knowledge of the subject.

The pictures which have been lent are curiously mixed in quality, but to the discriminating visitor are full of interest.

He will recognize in strange company, and too often under a feigned name, many old favourites, and many great works, too, which have but seldom, if ever, before been exposed to the public gaze. A splendid portrait, which might for the delicacy of the painting and the expression of the sitter be ascribed to any artist capable of producing it, is called "Jansen. Portrait of Milton at the age of 20." Fortunately it is signed "O. J., 1627"; but the owner's name is omitted from the Catalogue. A grand, but much touched-up and glazed, Ariadne is ascribed to Titian. Some portraits are injured by neglect and old age, and should be carefully examined. Among those of more than local interest is "William Lambarde, Esq.," a fine picture ascribed to Holbein, who must have been dead many years before it was painted. Lambarde was Keeper of the Records in the Tower, and made a catalogue of them—would that he could have catalogued the Folkestone Exhibition!—which he sent by the hand of a lady to Queen Elizabeth. The Queen, hearing that he was called "the handsome man of Kent," insisted on his offering his book in person. The picture fully bears out the contemporary estimate of his appearance. One feels uncomfortably conscious when leaving that some of the best pictures, the most valuable books and jewels, the most interesting relics have not been admired; but to people who visit exhibitions of this kind for pleasure, and who are not deterred from taking their pleasure by thorough draughts and damp floors, by creaking boards and stale sandwiches, and the braying of amateur bands out of tune with splashing fountains, we may safely recommend this Exhibition; for those who want to study it is but lost labour and sorrow, tempered only by the Official Catalogue, which, since *Punch* has turned Parnellite, is by far the most comic production of the day.

MR. WILFRID WARD ON POSITIVISM.

MR. WILFRID WARD has reprinted, under the title of *Clothes of Religion*, with a Preface and Postscript, two papers on Positivism originally published in the *National Review*. The first was briefly noticed in our columns at the time; the second is a rejoinder to a reply of Mr. Frederic Harrison's in the *Nineteenth Century*. There will probably be many of our readers disposed to agree with the "impatience" avowed by Cardinal Newman, in a letter to the author inserted in his preface, "at able men daring to put out for our acceptance theories so hollow and absurd," and his difficulty in believing "that they are in earnest, or that they preach the Unknowable and Humanity except as stop-gaps while they are in suspense and on the lookout for new objects of worship." But he adds that, if any refutation was needed, "it required to be done with both good humour and humour as you [Mr. Ward] have done it here." The Positivist apostles—who appear by the way already to be at loggerheads with one another—might indeed take as their motto an inversion of St. Paul's famous proclamation of the Gospel at Athens, and say, "Whom—or rather What—ye ought ignorantly to worship That Unknowable we preach, but are quite unable to explain to you." To be sure, as Mr. Ward reminds us, the Positivist sect, at least in this country, is so puny a one that it has been not inaptly described as "three persons and no God"; but then it is also true that the fundamental fallacy which underlies their whole idea of the cult of Humanity—the preposterous notion "that feeling and imagination apart from faith may be an adequate incentive to moral action"—has secured a wider acceptance in Agnostic circles, and forms the basis for instance of Mr. Matthew Arnold's peculiar system of theology without a God. Meanwhile it is certainly remarkable that since what we ourselves designated at the time "the quadrangular duel" between Mr. F. Harrison, Sir J. Stephen, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and Mr. Wilfrid Ward, the first-named gentleman has found it prudent very considerably to modify his manner of preaching; his later addresses to the faithful few at Newton Hall have contained very little of quasi-religious admonition, and have been almost exclusively confined to social and political discussion, which looks to outsiders very like a virtual abandonment of high prophetic claims. If the mountain declines to come to Mahomet, Mahomet—under protest of course—must go to the mountain.

How completely, though with an assumed unconsciousness of this reversal of his attitude which is more amusing than impressive, Mr. Harrison has accomplished this *volte-face* his critic explains with much force and humour in his second essay on "Pickwickian Positivism." But first we may just note in passing the very strange reason alleged by him for his curt and perfunctory reply to Mr. Ward. He observes that his critic's "own standpoint is Catholicism in its most ultramontane form," and he considers "Catholicism in any form outside the field of serious religious philosophy." The excuse is doubly or rather trebly infelicitous. It is pretty notorious no doubt that Mr. Ward, whose late father took a prominent part in theological controversy, is in fact a Roman Catholic. But there is no syllable in his criticism of Mr. Harrison's scheme to imply even so much as this—nothing, as he himself puts it, which might not have been written by an Anglican or a Presbyterian, and hardly anything which might not have come from a Mahometan, a Jew, or a Deist. Still less is there anywhere throughout the paper the very faintest indication of "Ultramontanism," and Mr. Harrison probably knows no better than we do ourselves to what particular school of thought among his coreligionists Mr. Ward belongs. But thirdly, and above all, it is truly marvellous to find a disciple and zealous

preacher of the Comtian cult politely bowing out "Catholicism in any form" from the field of "serious philosophy." Whence does he imagine the founder of his own religion derived the whole framework and outer form of the Church of Humanity, with its ritual daily worship, its nine Sacraments, its solemn festivals, its elaborate Calendar of greater and lesser saints? Comte, to do him justice, made no secret of his obligations to the great religious system in which he had himself been trained, and of which, unlike Mr. Harrison, he always spoke with respect. So far from regarding it as beyond the range of serious philosophy, it was the only form of Christianity he thought worth serious consideration at all. And if Mr. Harrison means that not merely Catholicism but Christianity in any form is no longer worth the notice of thinking men, he should have made his meaning plainer. Such an assumption would no doubt have the convenience of affording him a short way of dealing with opponents, as the great majority of them are likely to be members of some body of professing Christians.

But to return to the comparison between Mr. Harrison's earlier and his revised version of the Positivist Gospel. Being twitted with the baselessness of the former, he blandly replies—much as though a Christian confessor of the early ages had assured his judges that in professing faith in Christ he only meant to express his personal opinion that the Founder of his faith was an amiable and philanthropic enthusiast:—"If it misleads people, I am quite willing to spell humanity with a small 'h,' or not to use the word at all. I am quite content to speak of the human race, if that makes things clearer; I am ready to give up the word 'worship' if that is a stumbling-block, and to speak of showing affection and reverence. I have no wish to worship humanity in any other sense than as a man may worship his own father and mother"; and as to the "deification of humanity," it only means "a rational regard for the human race." In short, as Mr. Ward sums up this curious palinode, the whole thing comes simply to "a recommendation to altruism or general benevolence." Those who know anything of Mr. Harrison's former teaching may well exclaim with Dominie Sampson, "Pro-di-gi-ous!" *Quo promissa cadunt et somnia Pythagorea*, if this indeed be all? As his critic justly insists, his previous language has implied that Humanity is in many respects an adequate substitute for the Christian God; he cannot with any tolerable consistency drop the capital "H" or substitute "human race" for "Humanity," or reduce our "ecstatic worship" of it to "a rational regard" for the claims of our neighbours upon us. He has represented that "Human Power (*sic*) from whom all our good things come, who is affected by every act of our lives, and whom it is our highest happiness and duty to obey and serve," and into whose "undying life we are finally adopted by death," as "almost infinite" (nothing being absolutely infinite) and as having a "majesty and goodness which tax our utmost force of conception." It is the proper and sole legitimate Object of a religion "as ecstatic and as meditative as that of a-Kempis and Milton"—the *De Imitatione* is a book specially recommended for Positivist devotion—a religion "which can bind in brotherhood generations of men, comfort the fatherless and the widow, uphold the martyr at the stake, and the hero in his long battle." Yet all this means merely "a rational regard" for our fellows! Surely, to use old Hooker's quaint phrase, between these two presentations of the cult of the future there is "manifest show of jar." As Mr. Ward puts it, "to the philanthropist the human race is an object of pity, of compassion, of love, wounded in all its features, to be tended, nursed, worked for; to the Positivist it is a vast Presence, a Power, a Providence, which seems rather to look after us than to need that we should look after it." The two ideas are not simply diverse but contradictory.

There appears to be only one possible way of reconciling the original dream and the novel interpretation thereof, of bridging over the vast gulf which divides the sonorous articles of the Positivist creed from the meagre residuum to which Mr. Harrison's "free handling in a becoming spirit" has reduced it. Like "majesty deprived of its externals," little more than a sorry jest is left behind at last. What it comes to is this—that "Mr. Harrison has no hesitation in saying that he has not used the word 'religion' in its ordinary sense, but purely in its *Pickwickian* sense." There was a *Pickwickian* "Power" and a *Pickwickian* "Providence," which evoked in the worshipper a sentiment of devout but only *Pickwickian* "ecstasy," and inspired a *Pickwickian* hope of being finally "incorporated into its undying life" in a blessed state of strictly *Pickwickian* immortality. And accordingly "Mr. Harrison's new creed is the translation of his old creed from *Pickwickian* into English." He had thought to annihilate Mr. Herbert Spencer with the solemn sneer that "any religion of which neither belief nor worship nor conduct can be spoken must be a mere phrase"; yet his own religion presents us with a belief and a worship which have confessedly a purely *Pickwickian* value. The "Supreme Being," the "Power," the "Providence," the "Humanity"—like gigantic figures looming dimly through a mist—diminish almost to vanishing point as we approach them; small letters take the place of capitals, and ecstatic devotion shrinks into "rational regard"—*quantum mutatus ab illo!* No doubt a rational regard for our fellows is an excellent thing, and indeed a prime duty of life, but it was taught some time before Comte under a more winning name and by more persuasive lips in the Sermon on the Mount. "And if brotherly love has been preached, for eighteen centuries, backed up by all the terrible and attractive sanctions of another world, with such imperfect success, it does not seem very likely that it will begin to be a stronger motive when those

sanctions are removed." On the contrary, as Sir James Stephen bluntly observed, in criticizing the more "serious" philosophies which are offered as a substitute for an exploded Gospel, "if Christian belief goes, Christian charity will go with it." The mountain has been in labour to produce a higher, nobler, purer than all past or present creeds, and a "ridiculous mouse" is the result. Talleyrand's advice to the disappointed inventor of a new religion who could get nobody to listen to his teaching might be addressed with equal force to the Positivist prophets of an atheistic faith:—"Suppose you get yourself crucified, and manage to rise again on the third day, and then see if they will attend to you."

It appears that on being challenged to reconcile his revised Positivism, which is simply a kind of glorified altruism—to use the favourite Agnostic alias for loving your neighbour—with his former glowing professions of Comtian orthodoxy, Mr. Harrison replied that "his orthodoxy is his own concern" and does not concern his critics. Mr. Ward retorts fairly enough by reminding him of the story of the traveller who described a species of bee he had seen inhabiting a distant clime, "as big as a man's fist," which however, as his hearer happened to know, occupied hives of the ordinary size. He naturally asked him how such large bees could get into the hives. "That, sir," replied the traveller with much solemnity, "is their affair." The application we leave to our readers.

THE RUSSIAN CHOIR.

NOT the least interesting feature of Mr. Augustus Harris's concerts at Drury Lane Theatre is the spectacular effect of Mr. Dmitri Slaviansky d'Agrenoff's celebrated Russian Choir. The dresses are of course neither modern nor of every-day wear; they are, in fact, festival costumes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Those who remember a large picture of an old Russian Wedding, which was exhibited more than a year ago at the Goupil galleries, will recognize that these have been very accurately studied in all their gorgeousness of colour and ornamentation. The Choir enter processionally with excellent effect; strangely attired children of marked Slavonic type come first, walking with a lazy, dreamy, and very characteristic gait; the basses and tenors follow, then the richly clad altos and sopranos, who alone are seated, the first-comers standing in two rows behind their chairs. Finally Mr. and Mrs. d'Agrenoff make their entrance leisurely, clothed as the others, but more sumptuously. He has a sympathetic, light, tenor voice, is a big man, and with his fine presence, stage walk, and conspicuous dress somewhat reminds one of Salvini in *Othello* or *Macbeth*. He stands in front of his singers on a platform, like the model's throne in a studio, from which, facing the audience, he both sings solos and directs the choir. Beside him is his wife, behind him the only accompaniment—a harmonium—whilst on one side of him the dresses of the sopranos shade off from the lightest rose to deep cherry, and on the other the altos graduate through every shade of blue, beginning with light Cambridge. Behind the sopranos stand the tenors, clothed in blue, behind the altos the basses in red; an occasional gold-coloured costume or a pink or blue out of order breaks the monotony of the arrangement.

On Tuesday afternoon the first part of the concert consisted of historical songs, ballads, and choruses, the second of popular songs. One of these last, "O Willow, my green Willow," closely resembles in the character of its melody a German *Volkstied*. Indeed, more than one of the airs seemed familiar enough, probably because, like all old national music, this music has been freely pillaged, or rather treated as common property. A chorus in the first part has been made to serve as a comic song, while a "Dancing Song" in the second part has supplied an operatic air. One cannot help being struck by the curious immobility of the singers, who for the most part sing without any gesture or change of expression. This gives a peculiar effect to the extraordinarily deep notes in some of the bass parts; they appear to be produced without any exertion, and sound more like organ pedal notes than anything else. In the popular song "O Willow," at the end of each verse the chorus gives a softly-breathed sigh, which is taken up by one of the basses upon a prodigiously deep note with a wonderfully striking effect. This same bass singer plays a conspicuous part in many of the choruses, and the unusual quality of his voice will help to render the performance interesting to musicians. As for the music itself, although there is considerable contrast of grave and gay to vary the entertainment, so much singing and so slight an instrumental accompaniment will hardly prove completely attractive to those of advanced modern tastes. On the whole, perhaps, the popular songs of the second part are the most interesting and characteristic. The "Boatman's Song," "Down the Volga," and the "Boorlak Song," sung by the men who tow large ships up against the stream of the Volga, are the best. The mournful cadence of this last seems as if a voice were given to the dumb protest of beasts of burden, and they spoke in a tame but powerful and prolonged wail. In strong contrast are such gay numbers as "Dialogue Song" and "Entertainment Song" in the first half, and the gay and hurried babbling of the lovely "Siberian Ballad" in the second half of the concert. The choir is very remarkable in piano passages, though indeed at all times their delicate gradation, expressive tone, and perfect ensemble are sure to be admired.

TRADE PROSPECTS.

THE Board of Trade Returns for June are more satisfactory than any that have appeared for a considerable time past. It would be rash perhaps to conclude, therefore, that the long-expected trade improvement has actually begun. But it is to be borne in mind all the same that for some time past we have had indications of improvement; that, as we shall presently see, several other facts tend to strengthen the evidence afforded by the Board of Trade Returns; that June this year had fewer working days than June twelve months ago, Whitsuntide having fallen in June this year and in May last year; and, finally, that last month was troubled by the Ministerial crisis and the preparations for the general election. All experience hitherto has shown that a general election, by diverting attention from business to politics, checks trade. It seems to follow, therefore, that the influences working towards an improvement in trade must have been strong when they more than counteracted the distracting influences of the general election. Looking, in the first place, at the imports, it is true that we see a continued falling off in their value; but this is mainly due to a decrease in the value of the imports of articles of food and drink duty free, in itself a not unfavourable circumstance. We have needed to buy less food, more particularly less wheat, because we have had three good harvests in succession and because, also, the harvests of the rest of the world have been good for two or three years in succession; and, in addition, what we have required we have been able to buy at lower prices. And the meat of all kinds that we have obtained from foreigners we have also been able to buy more cheaply. But while our food and drink show decreases, the raw material of manufactures imported shows increases. For the month of June compared with June of last year there is an increase of over 98 per cent. in the quantity of raw cotton imported; there is an increase of over 100 per cent. in jute, an increase of over 123 per cent. in silk, and an increase of over 61 per cent. in wool; and there are also very considerable increases in iron ore, in lead, and in tin. If we extend our examination from the month to the six months we find also increases, though not so large, in cotton, silk, wool, and iron, and also in raw hides. In some of these cases the increase is shown only in the quantities imported, prices having fallen so much that we have bought increased quantities for less money. The fact that there is this considerable increase in the raw materials of some of the most important industries of the country seems to prove very clearly that manufacturers are doing a very large business, and that they look for a larger business in the near future. The inference would not be justified if we were dealing only with the returns of a single month, for there might have been diminished imports in the previous month, or there might have been some exceptional reason to swell the imports in that particular month. But when the increase in several trades lasts for a whole half-year it is clear that not only is the business done large, but that it is growing larger as the time advances. And what is most noticeable and most significant is that the increases are largest just at the end of the half-year.

Turning now to the exports, we find an increase for the month of June compared with June of last year of 818,787l. in value, being nearly 4½ per cent. For the six months there is a decrease of a little over a million sterling, or nearly 1 per cent.; but it is observable that three out of the six months show augmented exports. In January and February there was a falling off compared with the corresponding months of last year; in March and April there were increases; May, again, was a disappointing month; but June is the best month of the whole six. Some fluctuation of this kind was to be expected at the beginning of an improvement. Taking the whole six months together, although we have a decrease in value compared with the first half of last year, it is to be borne in mind, in the first place, that the decrease is very small—less than one per cent.; and, in the second place, that it is partly due to the fall in prices. Here, again, we have evidence that the trade being done is very large; and, coupling it with what we found in the case of the imports, we see that manufacturers must be looking for a still further development of their business. Taking the month alone, the increase is most marked in the textile trades; with very few exceptions, indeed, there is a marked increase in all of these. In cotton thread the increase for the month is nearly 44 per cent., in cotton piece goods 22 per cent., in cotton yarns 13½ per cent., in worsted fabrics nearly 16 per cent., in woollen and worsted yarns 9½ per cent.; in iron and steel, again, there is an increase of 12½ per cent.; and there are considerable increases in minor merchandise. For the six months, cotton, silk, worsted, carpets, wool and worsted yarns, iron and steel, telegraphic wire, machinery and engines and hardware, all show large increases. The expectation that trade would improve has been largely based upon the fact that there has been a revival in the United States. Owing to the rapid growth of population in the United States, to the possession of vast unoccupied territories, and to the existence of an inflated currency, it is natural that the revival should begin in the United States. But the influences which led to a revival in the United States are acting likewise in Europe, and hence the expectation that when improvement became marked there it would manifest itself here likewise. And the expectation has been strengthened by the knowledge that when the American people are prospering they increase their purchases of British goods, and thus help the influences already at work tending to bring about improvement here. It is, then, interesting to inquire whether the American purchases

of our goods are increasing. Already from what we have said it is plain that the revival in the United States is being followed by improvement here; and now we propose to show that the American purchases of our goods are considerably increasing. Taking the principal articles of trade between the two countries, we find a considerable increase compared with last year during the six months in all textile manufactures, particularly in woollen, silk, linen, and jute. There is also a considerable increase both in carpets and in hardware; while the increase of pig iron is nearly 200 per cent.; the value of the imports of manufactured iron and steel is nearly twice as great, and there is a very large increase also in tinplates. It is natural that this augmented purchasing by Americans of British goods should impart new courage to the mercantile community here, and already there is springing up a much more hopeful feeling. Months ago the more careful observers had noted signs of improvement, but now almost every one admits that trade is in a more promising state. Even the admission extends to market reports and trade circulars, while there is likewise a rise in some prices, particularly in wool and in some of the metals.

But perhaps the most remarkable fact brought out by the Board of Trade Returns is the increase in the exports of cotton manufactured goods to India. Taking the whole six months together, the value of these has risen from 7,840,000*l.* to 9,844,000*l.*—an increase of over 2 millions, or more than 25 per cent. It will be in the recollection of our readers that, when the great fall in silver began last year, there were loud complaints from the manufacturers of Lancashire that their trade was completely paralysed by the fall in the exchange, and that if it went much further the great Lancashire trade would be ruined. As a matter of fact, we find that these complaints have so far proved totally groundless, and that the exports to India are much larger than they were last year or the year before. Mainly this, of course, is due to the greater prosperity of India. The Indian export trade, particularly the wheat trade, has been so stimulated by the fall in the exchange as well as by the extension of railways and the lowness of freights that the prosperity of India has greatly increased, and the Indian people are able to buy more largely from this country. But the curious thing is that, according to the best information that can be obtained, there is no material rise in the prices of cotton goods in the East. There is a small rise, but it is not general, and yet exchange has fallen so considerably that it must have greatly affected the price realized, in spite of a rise in the rupee price here and there in India. The explanation generally offered is that the orders were placed in Lancashire before the fall took place, or, at any rate, before it had become so accentuated as it is now; and we are told that at the present rate of exchange it is impossible for manufacturers to continue doing business. No doubt it is true that a considerable time must elapse between the giving out of an order and the shipment of the goods so ordered; but it shakes our confidence in the predictions of Manchester when we find that in spite of all that was said six months ago of the ruinous effect of the fall in exchange upon the Lancashire cotton trade, there has been an extraordinary development of that trade in the meantime. Probably it is true that the business is being done at a very small profit, and oftentimes there may even be a loss upon it; but that the loss can be considerable or general is scarcely credible when we see that not for a month only, but for six months in succession, there has been a steady expansion of the trade between Lancashire and India. That the real explanation is found in the greater prosperity of India is evident from the fact that there is no such expansion in our trade with China. It was hoped that when peace was fully assured between France and China there would be a great increase in the exports to that country; but the hope has not been realized, probably because China has not yet recovered from the effects of the dispute with France, and is also suffering from the competition of India in the tea trade. India, in fact, of late years has been competing, not only with Russia and the United States in the wheat trade, but has been very actively competing also with China in the tea trade and with the United States in the cotton trade. In every direction there are evidences of increased wealth, and the result is a greater purchasing power on the part of the Indian population.

A MEDICAL WISEACRE.

CERTAIN observations were made a short time ago in this Review upon the question whether, as a general rule, the hypothesis of madness, frequently suggested by the charitably-minded, ought to be accepted as an explanation of exceptionally flagrant sin. It was pointed out that, though such sin might be the result of madness, it also might not, and that the question whether any given wicked person was entitled to be excused on the ground of being mad ought to be decided on its own merits, the same tests being applied to wicked actions as would be applied to virtuous ones, for the purpose of ascertaining whether they were the product of a disturbed or a normal intelligence. It is hardly necessary to observe that the bearings of these observations lay in the application of them. Last week an application of them was made in one particular case, and the pros and cons of a suggested instance of mental infirmity were discussed. No endeavour was then made to deduce anything concerning the condition of the mind under discussion from the moral—or immoral—aspects

of the deeds which it had prompted; but the conclusion there suggested was enforced, in accordance with the principles previously laid down, upon the broad and notorious principles of mental pathology.

Meanwhile, however, the earlier and more general article, entitled "The Relation of Insanity to Sin," had attracted the notice of a wiseacre. Naturally enough, he did not like it, and proceeded to dissect it—and himself—in the columns of the *Lancet*. It did not occur to him that the article might have bearings, and therefore he did not trouble himself to make any application of it. He may or may not be an elector of Edinburgh, but the pedantry of this forbearance on his part convinces us that if he is not he ought to be. He will not understand why we think so, but we would willingly wager that he rejoices in the return to Parliament of Dr. Robert Wallace, *primus*, M.P. Let us, however, deal with him on his own ground.

"It would," in his judgment, "have been more accurate to specify crime instead of speaking vaguely of sin." Here he is in error. It would have been not more, but less, accurate to specify crime, because we were not writing about crime. The relation of insanity to crime has been frequently discussed; the relation of insanity to sin less often. Yet in the moral forum persons accused of sin which is not crime are often defended—usually in their absence—upon the ground of insanity. Therefore the true nature and value of this defence was a legitimate subject of disquisition, and would not have been made more legitimate by being saddled with an inaccurate and misleading title. The proposition which we adduced was that in questions of sin, as in questions of crime, the mere wickedness of the acts done was not in itself good evidence whereon to base the defence of madness, except in so far as it could stand the test of the two questions, "Did he know that what he was doing was wrong? If he did, could he help doing it?" Upon this the wiseacre of the *Lancet* finds himself "compelled by the facts of the case to join issue, and contend that a man may know he is doing wrong, and do it without obligation or impulse of any sort, and yet be insane." This so-called "joinder of issue" is, to carry on the legal metaphor, bad on the face of it. It does not contradict what was said on the other side, and it asserts what nobody ever contradicted. The only sort of insanity which the lawyer or the moralist is concerned with is the sort which is an excuse for what would otherwise be crime or immoral conduct respectively, and the insanity here mentioned would be no excuse at all. A man who is mad, but knows what he is doing, and is not obliged to do it, deserves to be punished if what he does is a crime and disapproved if it is immoral. Madness of that sort is perfectly irrelevant to any question of legal or moral responsibility. The writer in the *Lancet* illustrates usefully the perennial, but one-sided, quarrel of the mad doctors and lawyers. If the doctors would only mind their own business there would be no quarrel at all. But they insist on assuming that nobody who is mad ought to be punished, which is ridiculous. Who is mad is a question for doctors. Who ought to be punished is a question for lawyers. Lawyers say, Mad people who do not know what they are doing, or who cannot help doing wrong, shall not be punished. Doctors say, But that is an insufficient definition of madness. No one except doctors ever said it was a definition of madness at all. It is a definition of criminality, and criminality is a question with which doctors are not in the least concerned. It is not surprising that a person incapable of understanding this simple distinction should be able to read through the two columns of the article headed "The Relation of Insanity to Sin" without ever entertaining the faintest suspicion of what it was all about.

A LAST LOOK AT FAUST.

THE attraction of *Faust* remains unabated at the Lyceum, and, what is not always implied in such a fact, the performance not only maintains, but has even increased, its claim upon the public favour. So far from flagging, the play "goes" with greater spirit after its long run than ever; the incurable defects of its literary construction are less felt; while some of its minor offences to the susceptibilities of the judicious are toned down or have disappeared altogether. The deepened impression of unity and thoroughness which the representation creates after a second or third visit in a spectator's mind is, no doubt, partly subjective; in so careful and thoughtful a performance it is to be expected that merits not to be immediately apprehended will come to light on closer study. But those who may have revisited the Lyceum within the last week or so, after a considerable interval, will have no good cause, we think, to distrust their feeling that the play has made distinct progress in those indefinable qualities of smoothness and rapidity—as we must call them for want of better words—which do so much to sustain dramatic illusion. The frequent changes of scene in the second act have a less jerky effect than formerly; and even the Broken interlude seems here to break the action of the drama in a manner less trying to the virtue of patience. In Mr. Irving's Mephistopheles—elaborately finished as that study must have been in the study and before being placed upon the stage at all—one is not warranted in looking for any noticeable changes. It was presented from the first in a manner which, except in slight details, it would have been difficult to improve upon; and a second or third visit to the theatre is repaid not so much by the discovery of any really new feature in this extremely subtle and powerful piece of artistic work, as by

enlarging the spectator's own conceptions of a performance too many-sided to be fully grasped at a single witnessing.

If we are asked to name the chief distinction of this remarkable dramatic study we should certainly say—its variety. If that be not the charm about it which first catches the eye, it is that at least which most fills the mind and lives in the memory. Comparisons of Mr. Irving's Mephistopheles with earlier renderings of the character have undoubtedly brought out the fact that most of the actor's predecessors in the part have sought to make it the too exclusive expression of a single dominant idea. We hear of the comic, the tragic, the melodramatic Mephistopheles; of the "sombre" character of one impersonation and of the "mocking air" of another; whereas, if we consider the matter, it will appear clear that Goethe's fiend ought not to leave any such unqualified impression on the mind of the spectator as each of these various descriptions imply. A purely light-comedy devil is manifestly out of place, considering the fundamental seriousness of the work which he undertakes to perform. "Life is real, life is earnest" to the Enemy of mankind if to any one. On the other hand, there is no reason why, engaged in an occupation of such infinite variety, he should feel dull himself; while to produce an effect of monotony upon others would be inexcusable. The aphoristic wisdom of the ancient concurs with the practical experience of the modern world in regarding wickedness as more various and therefore more entertaining than goodness. Mephistopheles, therefore, if impersonated even with fair intelligence and spirit, cannot help being amusing; it is only the great actor who never allows us to forget in the midst of our mirth that he is terrible also. Thus his lighter moods should never appear to indicate any essential levity of character. They should be seen to be due partly to a natural delight in evil for its own sake, partly to a certain brilliant versatility of diabolism which induces the fiend to cultivate a gay, and what in any one else we should call a devil-may-care, demeanour as a means of ingratiating himself with his victims. He is, in fact, all things to all men, if peradventure he may damn some. Something perhaps, too, must be allowed, in his dealings with most of the personages whom he encounters in Goethe's drama, for the bravado of the consummate swordsman matched with inferior antagonists. He ensnares them gaily because the work is generally speaking so easy. The frivolous animalism of the students, the discontent and passion-thirst of Faust, the vanity, cupidity, and sensuality of Martha, make all of them almost equally easy prey. It is in the scenes with Margaret alone that good and evil come fairly into conflict, and nothing can be more striking than the change in the fiend's demeanour when this gentle but formidable enemy is in presence. A *maitre d'armes* playing with the rawest of his pupils in the fencing-school does not differ more widely from the same man set foot to foot with an adversary whom he feels to be more than his match than does the Mephistopheles who befools Martha from the Mephistopheles of the "spinning-wheel scene." The mixture of hate and fear, of eager longing for the maiden's soul, and lurking suspicion that it is destined to escape him, is given by Mr. Irving in this scene with marvellous intensity and force. It is Satan militant "raised to the highest power"; just as in another great, perhaps the greatest, moment of the play, when the same scene and act closes on the fiend's assurance of his having compassed Margaret's betrayal and the death of her mother, we have the corresponding "expansion" of Satan triumphant. But there is, of course, no climax to the spinning-wheel scene to match that terrible gesture of exultation, and that laugh, worthy of an echo from the vaults of hell, with which the tempter celebrates his victory as the curtain falls on the second act. Impish *diablerie* again becomes prominent in the earlier portion of the third act, which Mr. Irving plays perhaps more finely than ever, and which goes admirably (though we must assure Mr. Wills, in all seriousness, that Margaret's second invocation of the Virgin distinctly lays him open to the immortal rebuke of Mr. Puff anent the second morning-gun in the *Critic*); while the "business" side of the diabolic character once more reasserts itself in the temptation scene in the cathedral. Of the Brocken revels, and of Mr. Irving's weird pantomimic share therein, nothing more requires to be said. His acting alone would suffice to reconcile us to what is not the less an excrescence on the acting drama of *Faust* because it is a living organism of the poem. Of Mr. Irving's coadjutors it is enough to say that they play with as much spirit and freshness as in the earliest nights of the representation. Miss Winifred Emery, who is supplying the place of Miss Ellen Terry, lacks nothing of the grace and sweetness, if she does not yet possess the full strength, which the impersonation requires. Mr. Alexander's Faust is as picturesque and at times as passionate as ever; and Mrs. Stirling's Martha is as full as ever of that artistic resource which enables the actress successfully to overcome some obvious disqualifications for the part. And, on the whole, if the Lyceum play is not—as it certainly is not—the great dramatic poem of Goethe, Mr. Irving is fairly entitled to the credit of having set many an English reader to seek out the beauties of that work for himself. It is computed, we believe, that upwards of one hundred thousand translations of *Faust* have been sold by various booksellers since this piece began its run; and Mr. Irving may boast to have done more to popularize that work of genius in this country than all the innumerable books, essays, and articles that have ever been devoted to it.

ETON v. HARROW.

AN Oxford-Etonian had a good time last week. He must have been delighted at the defeat of the sister University in despite of all the odds; as a patriot he must have rejoiced in England's victory over Australia; and, as presumably one of the "classes," he must have hailed with satisfaction the extent to which his views appeared to be permeating the "masses." Probably, however, for the moment all these sank into insignificance beside the fact that his old School had won at last. In spite of many hard-fought fights, and matches often drawn in her favour, Eton has not actually won since 1876, and this alone would excite the ebullition of enthusiasm with which Eton boys hailed their victory last Saturday evening. Taken as a game, it must be confessed that there was nothing in it out of the common; and on the first day, at all events, an atmosphere of depression pervaded the ground. Contrary to custom, many empty seats and carriages were to be seen, which the counter-attractions of Henley fully explained; but the weather was also cold and cheerless, and men who with difficulty had endured the tropical heat of the Pavilion on Monday and Tuesday sighed for overcoats and ulsters on Friday. The female spectators, though they did not dare say so, no doubt thought it a little hard that fashion should compel them to come to Lord's for two matches in one week, especially as the threatening aspect of the skies made them chary of donning their prettiest dresses. Other interests, too, seemed to overshadow the matter in hand; people's attention could not be absorbed in the match while telegrams from the counties kept pouring in, and every edition of the evening papers brought news of the termination of some exciting contest. Nor was the play sufficiently good to cause other events to be forgotten; individual successes there were certainly, but as a whole the two Elevens were hardly up to the average, and with last year fresh in one's memory the falling off was very marked indeed.

Harrow won the toss and sent in Crawley and Fair, who made an excellent start; Crawley played in his usual careful though cramped style, and Fair by good forward play and cuts soon compiled 28, when he was caught at mid-off. Daughlish, the captain, followed, and the score was taken to 38, when he was caught by third man, having been badly missed shortly before; Crawley was clean bowled by Davenport for 40 at 101, and no other double figure was made. The Eton fielding was moderate. Foley and Llewelyn began the Eton batting, but at 18 Llewelyn was bowled. Mordaunt, the captain, followed, and scoring began in earnest. Foley seemed out of practice at hitting round to leg, for which he so distinguished himself last year; but his forward play on the leg side was very good, and gained him many runs. Mordaunt was out at 62 for a fair 20, and Gosling and Foley took the score to 108. Foley continued playing well, but no one gave him much assistance till Duckworth, the tenth man, went in, when the score was raised from 136 to 195. Everything then looked as if Foley would carry his bat triumphantly, but with 7 runs added he unfortunately placed a ball in short-leg's hands, and brought his own innings and his School's to a close. His 114 was a fine performance, and redeemed the innings from mediocrity. The best feature in the Harrow fielding was the wicket-keeping, which was far superior to that of Eton; Ramsay and Arbutnot were the best bowlers, and Daughlish bowled some good lobs, though he probably kept himself on too long. Harrow had an hour and a half's play before the first day closed, and Crawley and Fair half repeated Crawley and Watson's achievement of last year. Eton tried no less than seven bowlers, but could effect no separation between these two; not only were the 69 runs to the bad knocked off, but the total stood at 105 when play ceased and the two were still together. Considering his score in the first innings and his excellence in the field all day, Crawley's performance was a very good one, and, viewed with his exploit of last year, it shows a wonderful steadiness in so young a cricketer, which must make him a valuable player hereafter.

Again, as in last year's match, the second day's play showed a complete change. With only 9 runs added Fair was finely caught at point, having made 61 at a critical time in very good style. Eton were now fielding very smartly; and, unlike last year, were very well placed. Runs came very slowly; and, though the wickets were obstinately defended, they gave way gradually before the attack. Crawley's was the fifth wicket to fall, for a careful but invaluable 69, with the total at 170. Arbutnot played very free cricket, and carried his bat for 25; and the innings closed at two o'clock for 220. Eton had now 152 to get to win; and, when one remembered with what difficulty Harrow last year achieved the task of making the required 93, it was no wonder that the partisans of Eton looked anxious. Whatever doubts, however, existed in the minds of veterans and croakers, none appeared for a moment to trouble the boys themselves. With a confidence and dash that carried all before them, Foley and Llewelyn again set to work. Leg-hits, drives, and cuts soon took the total to 25; changes of bowling were tried, and the Harrow captain went on with lobs; but though the speed of the run-getting slackened for a time, the score kept steadily advancing, and more than half the task was done before Maclaren bowled Llewelyn for the second time for a vigorous 44. At 92 Foley was again taken at short-leg, and the play became slower. Mordaunt

was bowled at 105, but Coventry and Gosling kept the field alive, till Gosling was taken in the slips at 142 for an excellent 34. The remaining ten runs were hit off by Coventry and Green at a quarter-past five, Eton thus winning by six wickets.

NOVELTY THEATRE.

THE production of an opera composed by a young lady may fitly be chronicled among the events of an unusually interesting season, especially as the efforts of ladies in musical composition have never been at all comparable with their successes in other branches of art. It would, indeed, tax the ingenuity of the advocates of the higher education of women to attribute to lack of opportunity or defective elementary tuition the significant paucity of women's achievements in the higher creative field of music. When we consider the prominence of music in the education of girls, and the numerical superiority of the sex, in this country at least, at all the great centres of education, it is somewhat singular that women should have displayed such distinction as executants and so little of the creative faculty. The performance of Miss Ida Walter's *Florian* was, therefore, something to be anticipated with much curiosity, and though we cannot award it a high place in our national opera, there is no doubt that its cordial reception by a sympathetic audience was not altogether undeserved. The libretto is based on a story by the author of *The Atelier du Lys*, dramatized by Grace Latham and written by D. Latham. It is of the slightest, in incident and construction. The hero Florian is a minstrel who has received high honours from the Town Council of Woldorf in recognition of services he has rendered to the free town on the field of battle. His good fortune seems complete when he gains the love of Crescenz, the daughter of Martin Bencke, a rich merchant; but during his absence at a civic feast the gentle Crescenz sets out to succour some poor members of Florian's craft who are stricken with the plague, and on her return she too is stricken, and dies suddenly in the arms of her lover. This meagre incident is, of course, too flimsy a foundation for a four-act opera, and offers but a thin and inadequate story for the exercise of the composer's invention and dramatic instincts. Miss Walter is deprived of the chief incentive to dramatic composition. The story is conducted without any action, the construction is extremely slight, and the situations are trivial enough to extenuate in some measure the colourless instrumentation of the *ensemble*. The only *finale* that is not absolutely vapid is the quartet with chorus of the second act. In the vocal solos and concerted numbers Miss Walter shows distinct capacity and a gift of melody which is decidedly pleasing and spontaneous. We must note as especially distinctive the pretty unaccompanied trio in the third act, "Oh, purest joy, without alloy!"—admirably sung by Miss Griswold, Miss Jenny Dickerson, and Mr. Max Eugene; Florian's song, "How lovely is the gleeman's life"; the beautiful melody assigned to Crescenz in the second act, "Under the linden trees, love"; and the charming arrangement of the old song, "Scheiden thut Weh," in the same act, where the chorus of prying girls and apprentices join in the pathetic melody, and produce a most agreeable effect. With a well-trained chorus and orchestra under the direction of Mr. Ganz, and singers whose experience and gifts have been repeatedly recognized, the opera received ample justice in interpretation. Mr. Ben Davies, as Florian, and Miss Griswold, as the heroine, succeeded in idealizing the jejune sentiment of the unhappy lovers by their artistic impersonations, while Miss Jenny Dickerson's excellent acting and refined vocalization compelled us to realize how extensive Mr. Carl Rosa's resources must be when he can dispense with so capable an artist. The remaining parts were capably sustained by Miss Dorothy Dickson, Mr. W. H. Burgon, and Mr. Max Eugene. The soprano voices in the chorus, we must observe, were subjected to some cruel and superhuman tests, which were the more painful to hear because of the extreme conscientiousness of the singers.

INDIAN AND COLONIAL EXHIBITION. THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

CANADA sends a great number of things for our inspection, some of which will excite the surprise and gratitude of heads of families and not a little natural chagrin in the minds of British producers of similar things. We learn from the usual official sources that the increase in the trade of the Dominion amounts to 20,000,000*l.* during the past five years—which means that British manufacturers have sold much fewer things in the Canadian market-place for that period, and that we must in the course of a short time expect that the Canadian markets will be closed to us altogether. It may, indeed, happen that many of the goods which we at present make for ourselves we shall buy at a cheaper rate from Canada. Broad and cheese we have for a long time bought, as well as timber, and it may be that to these we shall add nails, screws, nuts, bolts, and tacks—perhaps also corduroys, homespuns, and tweeds, as well as furs and hats; also, if it suits the arrangements of our great building contractors, it will cause no surprise if we buy doors, window frames, and plain furniture from these intelligent and industrious people. The British workman will not fail to receive some wholesome instruction from this industrial portion of the Great Exhibition at South Kensington. We could

also wish that all wealthy benevolent persons who subscribe to charities for the relief of able-bodied drones would visit the Canadian Courts. They would not fail to see how there is abundant harvest for all who prefer to sow and reap to living a life of tedious penury; and that it is comparatively easy to exchange a life of cold snivelling idleness and lousy mendicancy for a life of warm and generous sympathies, to be passed, not in crowded streets and close alleys, but in fields and orchards, on the banks of noble rivers, the shores of lakes, the slopes of mountains, or on the motionless ocean of the illimitable prairie, there, if men will, to gather the fruits they yield in unfailing plenty, whether these be the gold grain, grapes, or peaches, currants, cherries, apples, or pears, or the more lowly but not less valuable products which form the staple foods of man and his beasts of burden.

Some of us may remember the first of these Exhibitions held in Hyde Park a little more than a generation ago; the Dominion of Canada did not then exist. The vast area of its fertile land existed, but even as late as five years ago not more than seventy thousand square miles were occupied—not the half of which had been fully cultivated, the entire surveyed area being 3,610,207 square miles. At the time of the first Exhibition, the iron from which the Canadian railways were made could then have been stored in a small smithy; now, not all the wharves in the world could receive it, and it would take the world's commercial steamers several voyages to carry it across the seas.

The extent of the Dominion is unconsciously but fairly represented by the space it occupies in the Exhibition. The Central Gallery, with its annexes, transepts, and corridors—a large portion of the West Gallery, part of the Western Annexe, the West Arcade, almost the whole of the West Quadrant, and parts of the West Quadrant of the Conservatory gardens and shrubbery, are filled with exhibits; and many shipmen and porters have been kept for a long time busy in conveying this infinite variety of goods to their appointed places. One of the most useful and indeed necessary of the exhibits is the fine map, which, being drawn on a grand scale, enables the visitor to see at a glance the railway, telegraph, and river systems, the lakes and mountain ranges of the Dominion. But of all these systems the railway will doubtless excite most attention—all the more when we are told that a tea-ship is to be carried the whole length of 4,000 miles in 90 hours. Connected with works of such extent the coal exhibits naturally come next. These have been put away in a corner, but are of infinitely more importance than the pianos and chamber organs, which we could have dispensed with altogether, as well as much of the rubbish contained in the educational department. The other minerals are very suggestive of possible coming events. These include all the ores of iron, copper, nickel, cobalt, silver, gold, and platinum. The samples of these, if fairly taken—and we have no reason to doubt their fairness—excel anything of the kind we have seen, especially the metallic silvers from Thunder Bay and Port Arthur. In beauty and strength follow the woods. The grouping has been thoughtfully attended to, and will give pleasure to people who are fond of natural colours in large masses. Woodcraft in Canada has given rise to the formation of some thirty-four industries, which give employment to close upon a hundred thousand "hands." All the woodwork is excellent. The Canadians know how to put much good taste into a washing-tub or bucket. In volume and the part it plays in the moral and political life of the Dominion the fishing industry is not excelled by any other. Cod, herring, lobster, salmon, mackerel, trout, sardines, whitefish, alewives, oysters, eels, bass, and shad all play important parts, the cod, of course, taking the lead. Much is done in fish-breeding at the various hatcheries. No less than fifty millions of fishes were produced last year, more than thirty millions of which were whitefish, at these piscicultural farms. It is not too much to expect that we shall have some new fish dishes given to us; from so great a variety as is here presented to notice something excellent as well as new ought to come. The fur department carries us into a new world. With what beauty do the inhabitants of the regions of silver snow clothe themselves, seemingly in order that they may clothe Canadian men and women at Christmas time, when skates are more thought of than boots and shoes. A carriage wrapper of sable costs only 70*l.*; a top-coat of the same 55*l.*; but if you wish it lined with the fur of the silver fox, it will cost as much as 80*l.* An excellent coat, however, can be had for 16*l.* if you are content with musk-rat. The fur of the white hare is exceeding fine, but because it is cheap it is little regarded. There is a large show of men's hats, but in shape they are as vile as man himself in his vilest form. After the clothing in impressiveness is the food trophy at the east end of the same court. The soft and hard wheats of the North-West, if compared with those from other parts of the world, will be found to excel them all, quite as much as do the apples and the Indian corn. The fruit pile, gorgeous as it is, does scant justice to the fruit-producing capacity of the Dominion. In confectionery there are as many different kinds of biscuits as of nails in another department, and the nails mount up to nine hundred varieties. There is a singular chaos of jams in glass jars, pearl hominy, spices, syrups, evaporated vegetables, scents from prairie flowers, toboggans, lacrosse rackets, snowshoes, fluid beef, spruce gum, honey, bear's grease, stuffed birds, and arctusine, which the literate reader probably knows is a "preparation for promoting the growth and luxuriance of the hair"—nor does this list by any means exhaust the number of new and quaint products.

The Indian work, although good, is not so well represented as it might have been. The pipes of hickorywood are fair, and so are some of the toys and ornaments in birch-bark, the natural colours being very fine. The totem-posts which are set up in front of chiefs' huts are as handsome and hideous as some of the masks from the South Seas, which they resemble. The photographs of the "Indians" are not so good as we could have wished. Some of them are unnecessarily ugly; but the photographs of landscapes are good, and of much practical utility in helping visitors to get the physical features of the Great Dominion into their heads.

In machinery it would be too tedious to enumerate the knitting-machines, sewing-machines, reaping, binding, and threshing-machines, washing-machines, and many other machines, including the pianos and organs, which to describe would be nothing but so much laborious idleness, and could end in nothing but idle dreaming. They are very wonderful, no doubt, and of great use in new countries, where a man is of more value than many machines. The workmen's tools are a fine show; so also are the axes and adzes, shovels and picks, spokeshaves and springs, which are as numerous and various as the sword and dagger cutlery of India, and play as conspicuous a part in the manners, customs, and ways of life of the people. Connected with these are the hand-saws and machines made for mortising and moulding, the lathes and planers. When crossing the West Avenue the spirits of the visitor will be refreshed by noticing the fishes, and, in turning from art and artificers to nature and her handmaid science, it will be easily seen that the Canadians intend to get as much out of nature as art can teach them. The numberless little salmon and troutlings which are there being hatched in public evinces great and fearless enterprise on the part of some. Of course there are any number of stoves for cooking and heating, and the vigorous way the stove industry is advertised is possibly a proof that it is a thriving business.

Anticosti, a fair island at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, obtains a corner all to itself, with an attendant to answer any question which the curious may put. Here are lobsters of amazing bigness that will probably be harnessed some day and made to do submarine work. The vegetables are quite equal to the crustacea. The game birds and fishes are very well represented; so, also, are the larger game. Hops, spring wheat, clover, flax, and Timothy grow in plenty, and, on the whole, Anticosti appears to be a delightful marine place of residence with a climate that is good and strong.

There are exhibits of many drinks, the old and intoxicating, as wine, whiskies, brandy, and beer, and the new and doubtful "anti-intoxicants," but no opportunity was given to judge of the quality of these questionable joys. On the whole, the Canadian exhibition is impressive, well-nigh bewildering in the multiplicity and variety of its products, and will afford an easy explanation to a plain man why for the present our home trade is depressed. During the past eight years the following new industries have been added to some fifty others which have long flourished in the Dominion—namely, iron-bridge building, sugar refining, cotton printing and the manufacture of cutlery, emery wheels, pins, clocks, hair-cloth, jute, writing-papers, and many textiles in cotton and wool, to say nothing of steel, and railway rolling stock of all kinds.

REVIEWS.

OLD STONE CROSSES.*

THERE is no cause for quarrelling with a title of twenty-eight words when it tells us what a book is about; but while the full title in the present instance gives a clear description of the contents, it is much too long for general use, and the book will probably be called by the first three words of it, which will be to some extent misleading. *Old Stone Crosses* is a good name enough for the volume as far as its illustrations are concerned; but more than three-quarters of the letterpress consist of folk-lore. The plan adopted by the writer appears to have been to visit any of the neighbouring churchyards or other places where he heard of an old stone cross, to make a series of careful sketches of it, and then to cross-question the clergyman and "the oldest inhabitant" about the customs and legends of the parish. It might be objected that, while stone crosses and folk-lore are two very different things, the customs of one Welsh parish are very like those of another. Yet the author's system, upon the whole, has not worked badly, and we should be glad to see it followed in other parts of the country.

The illustrations are more than creditable, being drawn with a light but firm hand, and with the sole object of giving a distinct idea of the crosses without any attempt at the picturesque. Where the cross is in a churchyard, a ground-plan shows its exact position in relation to the church itself. The descriptions of the crosses are both clear and elaborate; but we are inclined to think that the author would have done well if he had told us

a little more about the history of the churches in whose yards some of them stand. If we knew their style of architecture, whether they were monastic or secular churches, and something about any neighbouring ruins, battlefields, or other historical landmarks, we might have opportunities of at least making some pleasant speculations as to the origins of the crosses themselves. As it is, with the exception of learning that there are some pretty old stone crosses in the Vale of Clwyd and its neighbourhood, few readers will be much the wiser.

In the Vale of Clwyd there are more cross-heads with figures left on them than many people might expect. Image-breakers seem to have contented themselves in most cases with knocking the faces off, and the rest of the crucifixes and figures are often comparatively uninjured. The churchwardens of Tremereionch are said by the author to have sold, within comparatively recent times, a remarkably fine cross-head, enriched with a crucifix and other figures, for £1. to the Jesuits of St. Beuno's College. The money was used for purchasing some lamps. We regret that Mr. Elias Owen has not given his readers a translation of the Welsh poem on this cross, especially as a translation of the greater part of it has been made by Mr. H. W. Lloyd, a learned Welsh antiquary, whose valuable assistance he acknowledges in his preface. He may, perhaps with justice, have no faith in the legend of Mary of Modena's visit to a well-known cross; but he might have given us the story for what it is worth. Visitors to Iona will be reminded by many of the drawings of the stone crosses in that island; but the North Welshmen can show nothing to equal the fine red granite monolith-cross, fourteen feet high, that stands near the ruined Cathedral. A certain sort of carving on the Welsh crosses of another type, again, will remind Highland tourists of some kindred work that stands over a monument in the remains of a church in the island of Harris, and here, too, we venture to think that the far North has the best of it. Where the top of the cross has been broken off, the practical Welshman has not uncommonly used the shaft as a pedestal for a sundial. When the crosses stood in the streets, the fairs used to be solemnly opened beneath them by the priests. Within a much later date the rate of harvest-wages was settled beside them, and went by the name of the "wage of the cross." Old mortgages often state that the interest of the money advanced is to be regularly paid at some particular cross. Another use to which some of the old stone crosses, or rather their pedestals, were put was arrow-sharpening. There are very distinct arrow-head markings on the bases of several of the Vale of Clwyd crosses, and there are also some marks that look as if they may have been made by the sharpening of pike-heads. Others, Mr. Elias Owen thinks, may have been caused by the whetting of swords; but we are rather disposed to draw the line at swords, for we must not forget that there are such unromantic things as sextons' scythes and hedge-hooks. On the base of the cross at Corwen, Mr. Owen tells us, there are some depressions very like ancient cup-markings; but he is wise enough to refrain from speaking of them in a very decided tone.

Those who are interested in folk-lore will find much to their taste in this attractive book. In North Wales the superstition that the names of the parishioners who would die within the year would be announced by the *Angel-ystor*, or recording angel, in the church at midnight on Old All-Hallow-Eve, lingered very late, if, indeed, it is yet extinct. In some districts the superstition was varied by carrying candles into the church, when the extinction of a light was considered a portent of death. An All-Hallow-Eve superstition having much in common with this prevails, we believe, in some parts of Austria, in which country a popular play is based upon the legend. The same night has several customs connected with it also in Scotland, where "apple-dipping" on All-Hallow-Eve is as popular as it is in Wales. Incantations, with the object of foreseeing future events, used to be very common among the Welsh, and went by the name of *rhamanta*, *palamanta*, and *lamanta*. The rituals and ceremonies of these incantations varied considerably; but the revelation was generally expected in the form of a dream. The help of the clergy in "spell-breaking" has been asked in North Wales until very recently, and Mr. Owen mentions an instance in which a clergyman, whom he names, read a chapter of the Bible and offered up a prayer in a cottage to satisfy an old woman who was "witched," and believed that only "a parson" could break the spell. Within the last fifty years people still believed that a ring made of silver coin taken out of the offertory on Communion Sunday was a cure for fits; but it was essential that the money should be given, unasked, by the clergyman, and that no thanks should be offered in return. Mr. Elias Owen relates a case in which the clergyman's wife used to arrange this function for those parishioners that desired it. Another superstition, extant within living memory, was that it was waste of labour to sow or cultivate land on St. Mark's Day. Shrove Tuesday used to be celebrated in Denbighshire by burying a hen alive with its head left above the ground. At this poor bird's head the natives used to strike with flails, and the first person that succeeded in hitting it received the hen as a reward. In Carnarvonshire the players at this sportsmanlike game were blindfolded. It seems to us that this may have been the origin of a game still popular in Brittany, a country that has much in common with Wales. A hen's egg, instead of a live hen, is laid on the ground, and each player is blindfolded, made to turn once round, and then ordered to advance three paces, after which he is allowed three strokes at the egg with a long ash wand. He who breaks the egg receives a

* *Old Stone Crosses of the Vale of Clwyd and Neighbouring Parishes, together with some account of the Ancient Manners and Customs and Legendary Lore connected with the Parishes.* By the Rev. Elias Owen, M.A. London: Bernard Quaritch. Oswestry and Wrexham: Woodall, Minshall, & Co.

prize. Although quite practicable, it is a difficult feat; but a good fluke sometimes brings victory to a very moderate player.

The Welsh, until a few years ago, had a custom on May Eve called "Penglogan," which consisted in fixing the skull-bones or the body of a dead sheep to the door of a house in which lived a girl who had lately rejected an admirer. Accepted swains, on the other hand, decorated the doors of their sweethearts with flowers. In some parts of Wales a young birch-tree used to be decorated and placed in the ground instead of the ordinary May-pole, and Mr. Elias Owen says that the Welsh used to associate birch with love and matrimony. Lovers "formerly wore a birch hat, or *Het fedw*."

This volume informs us that public penances in churches were practised in Wales so late as the end of last century; but Wales was by no means singular in this respect, and we think that if Mr. Elias Owen will refer to the *Times* of December 2, 1796, he will find it stated that a butcher did public penance on the previous Sunday at a church in London. He tells us, again, of an old person, still living, who can recollect a suicide being buried at midnight under the north wall of a churchyard without any service; but the writer of this article himself saw exactly such a funeral less than five-and-twenty years ago in Northamptonshire. There is more about funeral customs than any other folk-lore in *Old Stone Crosses*. In some Welsh churchyards there are low and narrow stones placed at one or both ends of graves, with knee-holes in them, for the convenience of those who wished to kneel in the churchyard and pray for the dead. The stones or slabs are not unlike the lower half of a pair of stocks. Where the churchyards were few and far between, and the roads mere narrow bridle-paths, what were called "horse-biers" were not uncommon. These were biers having very long handles, with fittings attached, which served as shafts for two horses. The leading horse had his tail and the other horse his head towards the coffin. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Elias Owen will find that a very similar arrangement of horse-litter is still used for the living in Sicily. The parish clerk used to walk in front of Welsh funeral processions, tolling a hand-bell. Mr. Elias Owen thinks that a certain bell found in an old church must have been used for such a purpose and not for a sacring-bell, because, says he, "several real sacring-bells have reached our days," and one that he has personally inspected is only 4 inches high, whereas the bell in question is 9½ inches in height. "Real sacring-bells" have not only "reached our days," but are still made all over the world, and they may be of any size that can be conveniently held in one hand. There was a custom last century of filling the communion-flagon with spiced beer at Welsh funerals, and of passing it round among the mourners when the ceremony was over. Churchyard earth was formerly considered propitious for cock-fighting. "In Llanfechan churchyard there is a cock-pit still traceable, amphitheatre-like in form, on the north side of the church," and a Welsh servant, who believed that his master's cocks had been bewitched, is known to have sprinkled an ordinary cock-pit with soil from a churchyard in order to "break the spell." Readers of *Notes and Queries* will be reminded of the description, in that journal, of a cock-pit in a churchyard in Herefordshire. A specimen of a curious instrument called a "Dog Tongue," once in common use, still exists at Llanynys Church. It is very like what are called "Lazy Tongues," but the arms are eighteen inches long, and when stretched out it measures fifty-two inches. The clip is toothed, and with this formidable weapon the verger used to catch and drag from the sacred precincts any unlucky dog that came into it during divine service. We might have expected lengthy details of the Interludes, or Mystery Plays, that were so popular in North Wales, in a book professing to give an account of "the Ancient Manners and Customs" of a part of that country. Interludes were composed and performed very late in Denbighshire, some being recorded even in the early part of the present century.

We must resist the temptation of following Mr. Elias Owen any further with his folk-lore, but we will take leave of him by noticing that evicted Welsh tenants used to endeavour to bring a curse on their successors by writing out the 109th Psalm, and hiding it in some crevice in the walls of the house they were leaving. It only remains for us to say that *Old Stone Crosses* is beautifully got up.

JEWISH HISTORY IN THE TIME OF CHRIST.*

THE advice, albeit somewhat trite, "to let well alone" cannot be too strongly commended to successful writers, especially of what are called "Manuals." Their very success may become fatal from the desire not only to bring up the information to the present state of knowledge, but to make it complete by entering into every kind of detail or attempting to treat of every branch and department of a subject. But it is impossible to stuff a series of treatises into a "Handbook," and the result generally is that what had been a very useful manual becomes unwieldy without being complete, and confusing to the reader without doing justice to the writer or the various subjects of which he treats.

* *A History of the Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ.* By Emil Schürer, D.D., M.A., Professor of Theology at the University of Giessen. Being a Second and Revised Edition of a "Manual of the History of New Testament Times." Second Division—The Internal Condition of Palestine and of the Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ. Translated by Sophia Taylor and Rev. Peter Christie. (Clark's Theological Library.) Edinburgh: Clark.

We have been led into these remarks by the appearance in much enlarged form and under a new title of the well-known *Manual of the History of New Testament Times*, by Professor Schürer, of Giessen, part of which now lies before us in an English translation. In its original form (Leipzig, 1874) Professor Schürer's *Lehrbuch* was a most valuable adjunct to the student: not only a storehouse of information and reference, but a model of brevity and conciseness, its clear and orderly arrangement contributing not a little to its practical usefulness. If we were not afraid of provoking a second or third-rate translation, we would have compared it to Winer's *Biblisches Real-Wörterbuch*, by far the most serviceable of Biblical Encyclopedias, although not yet brought up to the present state of information. In its original form Dr. Schürer's *Lehrbuch* consisted of less than seven hundred pages, of which about three hundred were occupied with the political history of Palestine from the time of Antiochus Epiphanus (175 B.C.) to the last great Jewish rising during the reign of Hadrian (135 A.D.), while other three hundred pages were devoted to the inner history of the Jewish people both in and out of Palestine. In its new form the manual has grown into a very large work. As yet only one part of it has appeared in Germany, Part II., giving the inner history of the Jewish people under the new title already mentioned. But this part is at least three times as large as in the first edition (containing 884 against 294 much smaller pages), and, indeed, considerably larger than the whole work as originally issued. The two volumes of English translation extend only to p. 575 of Part II., leaving more than 300 pages, which the publishers promise to give in a third volume. And although Dr. Schürer hopes that Part I. of his work may not require such enlargement, we must expect that the work when completed will comprise no less than five volumes in English translation. How much it has grown in all its parts will further appear from this, that really only one new paragraph has been added (that on Temple-worship), while two new paragraphs (§§ 32, 33) have taken the place of the former section on Apocalyptic literature. The latter the translators, with that extraordinary slovenliness and want of knowledge which characterize their whole work, describe as "the Section on the Apocalypse," certainly a somewhat peculiar rendering of *Der Abschnitt über die Apokalyptik*.

Before discussing the question whether the value of these accretions compensates for the loss of the original form of the book, we must express our unstinted and warm acknowledgment of the learning and industry of its author. In truth, the work is a monument of German diligence and thoroughness. The student will rarely resort to it without receiving full information on the subjects which engage his inquiries, or at least without being directed to where he may find it. And even the scholar will find it most useful as ranging together what otherwise is scattered over many volumes, and as giving ample references to the whole literature of the subject with occasionally most apt criticisms, not only of the works adduced, but of the conclusions expressed in them. Doubtless, completeness cannot be obtained, and it is perhaps one of the mistakes of the book that such has been aimed after. Thus, a complete representation of the inner life of the Jews seems to have been in view, and yet one of the most important aspects of it, that of social life, is omitted. Similarly we miss anything like a systematic account of the growth and development of Traditionalism, as well as of some of its final results. Again, the sketch of the Temple-worship is not complete, and, as we shall immediately indicate, occasionally open to objections. Even the literature of the subject, full as it is beyond that given in any German work known to us, is not by any means complete. The most valuable part of the work is unquestionably that which bears on the "State of the Jews in the Dispersion," which the translators, with their usual aptitude for the inapt, render "Judaism in the Dispersion." Here Professor Schürer is completely master of his subject, and students will find his account, especially of the circumstances and political condition of the Jews throughout the Roman Empire, full of interesting information. Not so much can be said for the account of the state of matters in Palestine, in which some things might profitably have been omitted, others added, and not a few corrected.

To give only two instances by way of illustration. Professor Schürer is very confident that all previous writers on the subject have been mistaken, and that the high, priestly functionary called in Talmudic writings the *Segan*—or, more fully, *Segan of the priests*—was nothing else than the Temple-Captain (the *ish har habbayith*, or *ish habbirah*). But, whatever the want of clearness about the precise functions of the *Segan*, Dr. Schürer's view is entirely opposed to all that the sources tell us, derived as their information is from a former occupant of the office. Similarly, when Dr. Schürer asserts that "in the Old Testament, alike in the Hebrew and in the Greek Bible, the *gerim*, rendered *προσφυτοι*, are nothing else than . . . strangers permanently settled in the land, without, however, belonging to the congregation of Israel," we have to remind him that the statement requires some modification, and that both the Hebrew and the Greek terms are used of "strangers" generally. Thus (as Geiger reminds us, *Urschr. u. Uebers.*, p. 353) not only are the Israelites told that they were *gerim* in Egypt (Ex. xxii. 21; xxiii. 9; Lev. xix. 34; Deut. x. 19), but the word is in each case rendered in the LXX. by *προσφυτοι*. More than this, in Lev. xxv. 23 the Israelites in their own land are designated as *gerim vethashabbim*, which the LXX. renders *προσφυτοι και παροικοι*. And the statement as to the Talmudic use of the word *gerim* would also require to be

somewhat modified by a reference to Babb. Mets. 70 b, 71 a. The correction may seem of little importance, but it bears on another exception which Dr. Schürer takes to the views generally adopted by scholars. And here it may be said that, whatever the date when the expression "proselytes of the gate" was actually introduced, it correctly marks that class of Gentile adherents to Judaism designated in the New Testament and by Josephus as those that "fear God," in contradistinction to full proselytes who had undergone the rite of circumcision and undertaken all the obligations of ordinary Jews.

Almost equal in value to the section on the condition of the Jews in the Dispersion are the paragraphs on the literature of the period. It must, however, be said that what may be called the literary criticism occasionally overweighs the information on fact. Thus in the section on Philo we have thirty-four pages of literary criticism, which are followed by about fifteen pages of a comparatively meagre account of the system itself. Again, the reader will find considerable difficulty from the attempt made by Professor Schürer to group the Apocrypha, Pseudepigrapha, and various Hellenistic writings under a number of headings according to their supposed contents, instead of treating each of these three great divisions continuously, and, so far as possible, in their chronological succession. The arrangement may seem philosophical, but it is extremely bewildering to have to turn for the first book of Maccabees to p. 579, and to be sent for second Maccabees to p. 739, and for the Book of Wisdom to p. 755, with the whole of the other Apocrypha, Pseudepigrapha, and the entire historical and epic literature of the Hellenists intervening. Nor is it more satisfactory to find first Maccabees closely followed by Josephus's "Jewish War"—the "Antiquities" being relegated to 200 pages later; while the so-called Maccabean Psalms are followed by the Pseudepigraphic Psalter of Solomon, and the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach (Ecclus.) by the Mishnic tractate *Abhoth*. Yet, with all these drawbacks of arrangement, the treatment itself is not only full, but, so far as we know, the most exhaustive hitherto made.

An unpleasant part of our task still remains to be done. Dr. Schürer is very certain on a number of points on which sober criticism is at least not certain, and, as already indicated, he is occasionally equally certain where it is certain that he is wrong. Thus, he is quite certain that a number of Psalms date from the Maccabean period, notwithstanding the objections that have been urged by many critics. He is even more certain that not only the second but also the first part of the book of Daniel dates from the Maccabean period, and is the earliest Pseudepigraphon. The difficulty of the occurrence of Persian words in the first part of Daniel is simply ignored. Dr. Schürer summarily disposes of the further difficulty that, if Sirach be, as he contends, older than Daniel, and "in its form and contents more closely related to ancient Hebrew literature," it seems strange that a book which the Rabbis so highly valued should have been excluded from the Canon while Daniel was inserted in it. We are told that this was due to the fact that the one book appeared under the name of Daniel (?), while the authorship of the other was known! The chronological difficulty connected with Dan. ix. 24-27 is supposed to be removed by a reference to similar chronological errors of Josephus. As if the two cases were parallel, or some of the confusion of Josephus were not traceable to this very passage in Daniel (comp. *Destinon, die Chronol. d. Jos.*) As regards the Book of Sirach, Dr. Schürer is certain that the high priest Simon of Ecclus. I. was Simon II., and not that ideal figure in Jewish legend, Simon I. the Just (comp. on the other side Horowitz in the *Monatsschr. für Gesch. d. Judenth.* 1865, pp. 105-110). And when Dr. Schürer simply states that the Book of Sirach "has only been preserved to us in Greek version," he gives "the go-by" to perhaps one of the most perplexing problems to the student: whether the Syriac version was not made either from, or with, the Hebrew original, and occasionally represents it more faithfully than the Greek. Again, it must be matter of gravest doubt whether, as Dr. Schürer thinks in opposition to almost all modern scholars, the so-called "Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs" are of purely Jewish authorship, the Christian elements in them being all interpolations. Nor, to mark only one other point, is the question of the spuriousness of the "De Vita Contemplativa," hitherto ascribed to Philo, by any means settled, and the weighty objections of Weingarten to Lucius's view of its Christian authorship have an important bearing on the subject generally.

These questions, which we have raised by way of illustration rather than exhaustive criticism, are not intended in depreciation of what is a great contribution to theological science, but as marking points on which scholars may arrive at different conclusions. The work does not address itself to general readers, but to students, and on their shelves it must undoubtedly henceforth find its place. Only we would strongly advise its purchase in the original German, and not in its English translation. There are few pages of the latter on which we have not noticed some inaccuracies or extraordinary vulgarisms. When Dr. Schürer speaks of the immense amount of property in the Temple ("in gewaltigen Massen") the translators inform us that "these possessions of multifarious kinds were piled in masses one upon another." The large sums of money are described as "of a colossal character," "heaps of money." We might multiply such instances almost indefinitely. But surely the height of absurdity is reached when the expression "Schriftgelehrsamkeit" is rendered by "Scribism." Long experience has taught

us that we have to suffer many things at the hands of translators; but could not some competent persons have been found to revise for English readers a work so valuable as that of Professor Schürer?

FAHLCRANTZ'S CIVIL PROCEDURE IN ENGLAND.*

THIS book will be received with pride and pleasure by English lawyers, and, indeed, Englishmen in general; for it cannot but be flattering to our national pride to find that our institutions—political, economic, or judicial—still remain the objects of foreign envy and imitation. Professor Gneist, of Berlin, in his *Constitutional History of England*, of which a very able translation (Clowes & Son, Limited) has recently appeared, has lately sung the praises of our political institutions; and now our legal system—formerly described by German jurists as a "Trümmerhaufen"—meets with the cordial admiration of M. Fahlcrantz.

The Swedish Government are at this moment engaged in reforming their civil procedure. M. Fahlcrantz, an advocate of Stockholm, who has also discharged the duties of a district judge, is, as he informs us, fully alive to the defects of the old Swedish system, as of the formal, scientific, and protocollistic system of Germany, by which it is proposed to replace it. Having first studied the legal systems of other countries of Europe, the author came last year to England. Whilst here he was a constant visitor to the Court of Appeal, the Court of the Lord Chief Justice, Sir James Hannen's Court, and the Marylebone County Court, presided over by his Honour Judge Stonor. Ten months of study and observation have convinced the author that our civil procedure, both in the High Courts and County Court, is just, effective, and rapid in its working, although open to the serious objection of costliness. The first thing which in our civil procedure strikes M. Fahlcrantz is that the parties to an action can be and are heard on oath in their own causes. In Sweden it is still held that "the party is a natural enemy to the truth," and should therefore be debarred from giving evidence. On pp. 247-265 the author draws particular attention to the exhaustive and effective examination of witnesses in our Courts, which, in his opinion, is eminently calculated to elicit the truth. Our small "corporation of judges" (as he expresses himself), numbering less than a third of those at present engaged in judicial business in Sweden, and consisting of the most eminent lawyers in the land, conduces, in his opinion, by elaborating an authentic system of "precedents," to produce greater unity in the administration of justice than is elsewhere to be found.

The absence of formality and the elasticity of the English system are favourably noticed by the author; and the practice of the Court to grant "leave to amend" is especially dwelt upon. "No man shall lose his right because he has made a mistake" is a dictum of Sir James Mathew which appears to M. Fahlcrantz to cut at the root of the stiff, dry, and formal system still existing in Sweden. Notice is drawn to the "good faith and honesty" which the rules of English judicial procedure presuppose in the individual litigant, not but that, as the author assures us on p. 427, his countrymen are not in their private capacity as citizens as upright, just, and honourable as any in the world; but he complains that, owing to the dry, rigid formalism of the Courts, their moral ideas and principles have "in the province and field of law" been corrupted. He also draws attention to the fact that the plaintiff in England, permitted to serve his summons upon the defendant; whilst in Sweden such a course would lead to the gravest abuses. "Equity is the underlying principle in the English system," we read on p. 52. The author here evidently intends to say that the ends of justice are the essence of the English procedure, as opposed to the bureaucratic red-tapism which he dreads so much for his own country.

In the appendix to the work he gives *in extenso* specimens of judicial decisions; the judgment of the Lord Chief Justice in the trial *Reg. v. Dudley and Stevens* for murder and cannibalism (for Mord and Kannibalism), *Times*, Dec. 10, 1884; the judgment of Sir James Hannen in the divorce case *Earl of Durham v. Lady Durham*, *Times*, March 11, 1885; and two judgments of Judge Stonor—*Martin v. Barwick* and *Lee v. Taijet* (selected from *De Colyar's County Court Cases*, pp. 149, 150) on points which the author evidently considers to be of practical interest to his readers in Sweden; the one being as to the liability of a master for his servants' acts, which was confirmed on appeal by the High Court, and the other as to the liability of the owner of pigeons for damage by them.

The book is well arranged, and our best thanks are due to M. Fahlcrantz for his recognition of the merits of our civil procedure.

CHOSŪN.†

OUR knowledge of Corea has not as yet advanced beyond the pre-scientific stage. The gates of the kingdom have been so persistently closed against all comers that our knowledge is confined to just so much as can be gleaned from report and gathered from Chinese and Japanese books. With the exception of Dallet,

* *Om Rättegångs väsendet i England*. Med Svenska paralleler, af G. Fahlcrantz. Stockholm: V. Hårdshöfding. 1886.

† *Chosŭn, the Land of the Morning Calm: a Sketch of Korea*. By Percival Lowell. London: Trübner & Co.

whose *L'Eglise en la Corée* is the one work of authority on the subject, those writers who have undertaken to enlighten the public on the "Land of the Morning Calm," as Mr. Lowell entitles it, have but slender grounds on which to base their pretensions of superior knowledge. Mr. Griffis, whose *Corea, the Hermit Nation*, comes next in value to Dallet's, was inspired to write it by the sight of the Korean coast from one of the islands of Japan; Mr. Ross published his *Corea* on the strength of his having lived in Manchuria; participation in a marauding expedition in search of treasure said to have been hidden in the grave of one of the Korean kings was the exciting cause of the publication of Mr. Oppert's *Forbidden Land*; and a winter's residence in the Korean capital is the justification for the appearance of the present handsome volume.

Mr. Lowell has chosen a more modest title for his work than those of his predecessors. He calls it "A Sketch of Korea." But even this is suggestive of more than the book contains. A sketch of Seoul (or Sŏul, as Mr. Lowell writes it) would have been nearer the mark, and would have added the charm of alliteration to the attractiveness of accuracy; for, as a matter of fact, Mr. Lowell never went outside the walls of the city from the time he landed to the time he left the Korean shores, except on rare visits to temples in the suburbs. As it is obvious, also, that he was not in a position to derive any information from Chinese, Japanese, or Korean sources, we arrive by a process of exhaustion at the fact that his knowledge of the people was the result of his unaided personal observations. And to do him justice he does not profess to have had any higher inspiration. This being so, we have to congratulate him on the use he has made of the limited materials at his command. He has evidently the pen of a ready writer, too ready sometimes, and though the pegs on which he has hung his essays are not always very substantial, he has succeeded in producing a number of literary sketches which are always interesting, and sometimes amusing.

Mr. Lowell tells us that he accompanied the Korean special mission to the United States in 1883, and returned with it to Korea in the latter part of that year. Like all those who have visited the shores of that barren peninsula, Mr. Lowell was struck by the very bleak appearance of the coast in the neighbourhood of Chémulpo, the port of Seoul. The place "was formerly a fishing hamlet, a few thatched huts nestling in a hollow of a bare hill. It faced neither the sea nor yet the land, but, as it were, a compromise—a small island with a corresponding collection of thatched roofs. So like their surroundings are these twin villages, that one has to look carefully for them to discover them. It would well-nigh be possible to sail by and report the land uninhabited." From this uninviting spot Mr. Lowell was carried over the twenty-seven miles which separate it from the capital in a native palanquin, a machine which is only to be matched for discomfort by the springless carts of Northern China. To gain a complete knowledge of its attributes it is only necessary to imagine a square box, measuring two feet and a half each way, slung on two poles. Bearing these measurements in mind, we can quite sympathize with Mr. Lowell in his wallings over the misery of a journey in such a conveyance, and in his delight at arriving before the walls of the capital.

The site of the city of Sŏul is very striking. An amphitheatre of high peaks almost completely encloses a small circular valley two or three miles across. In this valley, thus cut off by nature from the rest of the world, stands the capital of the Hermit land. Round about towers the circle of hills, whose slopes on the one side seem placed to give panoramas of the life at their feet, while on the other they form a barrier against the intrusion of the outer world. Their bases rise with considerable abruptness from the little stretch of level ground, and their summits are fringed with crags and pinnacles that continue still to defy the levelling forces at work around them. The nakedness of the land—characteristic of this part of Korea—here has a touch of grandeur in it, and the bare granite rocks are all the more imposing for being destitute of vegetation.

The barriers erected by nature around this strangely-placed capital are supplemented by walls which follow the crest of the hills, winding serpent-like over the peaks and down into the hollows. This seemingly unnecessary line of fortification was constructed by the founder of the present Korean dynasty, who may possibly have taken as his model the Great Wall of China, which observes the same unnecessary tendency to scale the "misty mountain-tops" and to climb inaccessible peaks. *A propos* of this city wall, Mr. Lowell volunteers the statement that the walled cities and the Great Wall of China are of Tartar origin, and are not Chinese. It would be interesting to know where he got this information that we may for the future be on our guard against this fallacious source of knowledge. The Ten-Thousand-Mile Wall, as the Great Wall is called, was unquestionably built by a non-Tartar sovereign, and it would puzzle Mr. Lowell to discover any cities in non-Chinese Tartary which are walled after the manner of Chinese towns. But to return to Seoul. Not content with the double barriers afforded by nature and art, the guardians of the city assure the citizens of their safety at nightfall by burning four watch fires on the southern peak. Each fire represents two of the eight provinces into which the country is divided; and, in case of a disturbance arising in a particular province, an extra fire is lighted at the side of its representative beacon. Fires are added in proportion to the imminence of the danger, news of which is communicated by a complete system of beacons extending through the whole kingdom. This watchful expectancy is a survival of a bygone time, when the Japanese who now are domesticated in the country were in the habit of making raids on the littoral provinces, and is in these days as useless a time-honoured institution as the continued hoisting of a danger signal on the approach of ships to

the island of St. Helena now that the Imperial captive has been "dead and turned to clay" these sixty-five years.

The reigning dynasty was established contemporaneously with the Ming dynasty of China at the end of the fourteenth century, and, being free from the disintegrating causes which proved fatal to that Imperial house, has survived it by more than two hundred years. This protracted life is due to the geographical isolation which Korea enjoys, and to a like happy condition to that which permits the *vacuus viator* to sing along the roads. No superiority of government has anything to do with it, for with the introduction of Chinese walls the founder of the dynasty imported the complete system of Chinese administration, and introduced "that deluge of Confucianism which has swamped the land to this day." The competitive examination system flourishes there in full perfection, and six Boards superintend the administration of the provinces, in exact imitation of the "Luh pu" at Peking. The influence of the people, which lends so democratic a force to Chinese polity, is everywhere apparent, and, as in China, has until now effectually prevented any progressive movement in the country. The recent reforms have all originated with the ruling authorities, and have been resisted to the death by the people, who, now finding resistance vain, are, after the manner of the Japanese, gradually acquiescing in the accomplished changes. It is not often that one country takes over the complete polity of another, but the Koreans have borrowed boldly, and even the position stones in the audience-hall, which appear to have puzzled Mr. Lowell at first, are reproductions of stones in the palace at Peking.

In one matter they have not imitated, or rather have ceased to imitate, their neighbours. Unlike most Orientals, they are openly intolerant of any and all religions. Christianity and Buddhism, Taoism, and the faith of the Prophet all fall under the ban of the State. From the point of view of the Liberation Society Korea is, as at present constituted, a model State. Its cities are purged of the presence of temples of all kinds, and the poor ignorant people who still desire to worship a Deity have to seek for spiritual consolation at the few remaining Buddhist shrines which are to be found in out-of-the-way villages. This hostility to religion is said to have been created by a *ruse* practised in the sixteenth century on the unsuspecting Koreans by Japanese invaders, who gained access to several citadels by assuming the guise of Buddhist priests. If Oriental historians are to be believed, this is a well-worn device on the part of invading armies for taking advantage of the "hospitable canon" of Eastern States. At the time of its perpetration in Korea the newly-founded dynasty had not lost the destructive force common to new régimes, and the same power which had proclaimed that Confucian morality was all that was necessary for the perfecting of mankind, swept Buddhism and other faiths out of all the cities in the land. This is practically the step which the Japanese have taken under the influence of European enlightenment, and, like the Koreans, they have not sought to supply the place of the religions they have disestablished by anything more than a half-understood system of rationalism.

Mr. Lowell does not seem to have recognized how completely Korea has borrowed her institutions and practice of government from China, and it is left to his readers, therefore, to apply the comparative method to the Korean administration. But there is at the same time much in his book which belongs distinctively to Korea. Mr. Lowell's style of writing is descriptive and picturesque, except when he indulges in "high fluting," and then the result is the reverse of delightful. For instance, he thus tears to tatters his regrets at the close of a visit of two days' duration to one of the few monasteries left near the capital:—

We took our leave of the good monks, gathered in a group on the steps. They were sincerely sorry to bid us good-bye, and it seemed as if indeed we were taking the sunlight away with us. We passed out of the courtyard and down the path, and then, amid the icy stillness of the ravine, followed one another in scattered file under the towering gloomy firs. We talked but little, as if afraid of rousing the echoes that in sorrow had fallen asleep. The place was too much in keeping with the feeling of departure for speech; it had itself the semblance of farewell; and a wave of sadness swept over me at the thought that the winter revels at the monastery of the Flower-stream Temple had already become a thing of the past. Like their own winter sunset, they seem, as I look back upon them, a flush of colour through a rift in the distant clouds, lighting up for one brief moment the snowy landscape and the sombre firs; and then it settles back to the grey and the cold again, and earth and sky look as if it all had never been.

It is only fair to say that this is Mr. Lowell at his worst.

FOUR NOVELS.*

IT is a pity that Miss Jane Stanley has not chosen a less hackneyed title and motto for her story, which is incontestably better than the greater number of novels that have lately bid for an ephemeral popularity on the library bookshelves. The plot is not a new one. We have met before with the girl who has been tricked by a mock marriage, and who makes a real one with her

* *A Daughter of the Gods*. By Jane Stanley. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1886.

A Lucky Young Woman. By F. C. Phillips. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1886.

Keep my Secret. By G. M. Robins. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1886.

The Golden Spike. By Edward King. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

secret still untold; but a hundred years of novels which have increased as rapidly as the National Debt have made us lenient to shortcomings in originality. The reader, if he is wise, no longer demands fresh combinations of facts; he is content if they are passed through the medium of an original mind, and if the characters are not mere names, but human creatures. This may not be much to ask, but those who are willing to ask no more may look forward to some pleasant half hours with Miss Stanley. Her heroine, Verena, has at the age of sixteen suffered in a way that may well sober her at twenty-one; but, granting the circumstances, her behaviour is natural, and her attitude towards her child Mara, who is given out to be her step-sister, is specially well treated. Mara is a real child, spoilt, pretty, capricious, but tender-hearted and loyal, whose tears over her dead kitten were almost the deepest of her short life. Even Verena's selfish and jealous sister-in-law, who cannot understand how any woman can be indifferent to dress and gaiety, has her moments of softening to the child, who always takes her welcome for granted. This sister-in-law, Emmeline, fifteen years younger than her brother, Mr. Grey, Q.C., is full of life and vigour and some malice. Thirty-five has found her plain, self-absorbed, and unamiable to the core, but encased in triple armour of self-conceit. She is troubled by no scruples about making other people uncomfortable if it happens to be her wish at the moment, and informs Verena that mourning is remarkably unbecoming to her, as cheerfully as she tells Verena's husband that his wife is not nearly as pretty as she expected. The only person who can keep her in order, by letting fall a few home-truths, is her cousin, Kate Payn, who is most amusing, especially when she lays traps to ensnare the affections of a blind man, because she declares she is so plain that no one with eyes in his head would fall in love with her. Mr. Grey is not so life-like. Few middle-aged lawyers, however much they were in love, would be inclined to scatter money on a wife's step relations as Mr. Grey does, nor would he have taken so ideally calmly the blot in his wife's past. The other men are only shadows, and Courtenay is the conventional betrayer. But the whole story has a breezy atmosphere, and an absence of pretentiousness that would make a less lively book attractive.

As far as the story goes, all that is relevant in *A Lucky Young Woman* might be contained within the limits of a tract. The rest of the three volumes is filled with disquisitions on Confucius, Prometheus, Greece—everything in heaven and earth, and with reflections which are intended to be subtle and epigrammatic, but, if true at all, are only truisms. The author claims familiarity with things and people with whom he has only a slight acquaintance, and talks of "Edgar Allen Poe," "M. Rossetti," and "Mr. Paul Burne Jones." Is it, we wonder, Paul Jones the Pirate to whom he is referring? The amount of eating, and especially drinking, that goes on throughout the book is something quite unknown outside the annals of a club, and the absorption of strong drinks is recorded no less than forty-five times in the three volumes. We are told (vol. i., p. 28) that Sir Hugo, father of the Lucky Young Woman, looked young and well-preserved, and that one of the chief reasons of his evergreen appearance was his abstinence from "early drinks" and from "eating more than he required." We do not know whether curaçoa at breakfast (p. 85) or brandy-and-soda before it (p. 83) come under the head of "early drinks," or whether a glass of brandy-and-water and a rusk with some devilled caviar at afternoon tea were "required" by him (p. 49); but these deeds are noted without apology by his biographer. The gentlemen finish up the day in the smoking-room with "curries and anchovy toast and other such things," washed down, of course, by "strong waters" (p. 74); while the ladies resort in their bedrooms to pick-me-ups of various kinds. Instances of this amazing love of tipping might be multiplied, but we have given enough to show to readers what they may look for. The characters are no more interesting than would be expected from their domestic habits. Few readers will care if Marcia Conyers, the heroine, is "lucky" or the reverse. She appeals in no way to our sympathies, in spite of her trials in the familiar position of high-born (orphan) governess to low-born pupils and untried amateurs. She tries art, and at once makes a considerable income by the exercise of her paint-brush. In general, even in fiction, a young woman thrown on her own resources develops a certain amount of common sense and distrust of the world, but Marcia Conyers proves the exception. In a visit to Dieppe in the company of her old governess she makes acquaintance with one Lord Henry Forrester, and promptly falls in love with him. Her faith is not the least shaken by his proposal that she should go with him to Paris that evening and be married the next day at the Embassy, unknown to her governess and chaperon. She accepts without astonishment on her arrival at the hotel the attentions of "a chambermaid of superior grade," who arranges her hair, and hands her a box of gloves to choose from; she dines in a private room with her lover, and drives with him till midnight in "a large comfortable Victoria, with a pile of rugs and furs on the front seat," without its ever once occurring to her that she is doing anything that the most prudish might object to. Next day, even, when he suggests an excursion to Versailles instead of one to the Embassy, "it did not occur to her that—it might be through her own folly—she was hopelessly in the man's power. A frail mind is unequal to the idea of treachery." A mind of such extreme frailty could only belong, one would think, to an idiot; yet Marcia is credited with the possession of an unusually powerful intellect. When she learns that Lord Henry (owing to a previous marriage) is unable to go to the Embassy, she remarks, "I understand you at last. I

am not a child, and you have made the matter clear enough," and takes the train back to Dieppe. Sleep on the way so calms her excited nerves that when she has made a clean breast of the matter to her friend, Marcia "fairly laughed. Laughing is contagious, and the Frailein laughed too." Few women under similar circumstances would be capable of mirth. This adventure has, however, no influence on the young lady's future, though Lord Henry is obliged to pay the penalty by the devoted adherent of Lord Norwich, a man who never leaves off proposing to Marcia till he becomes her husband. It is probable that, as Lord Norwich is the possessor of 70,000*l.* a year, this is the "luck" referred to in the title. We are sorry not to have anything to say in favour of the book. It mostly deals with people in high life, and concerns itself with the specimens whose proceedings it is least desirable to chronicle. Vulgarity is not unfortunately confined to any class, and the conversations at Lady St. Austell's might have been held no less appropriately in the back parlour of a shop. As to the discursiveness and tediousness of the author's manner of story-telling, we will give one example before we close (vol. ii. p. 26). "It is Tennyson who (in *In Memoriam*) calls Harley Street 'the long unlovely street.' But if Harley Street be longer than Sloane Street, which I doubt, I will maintain in disputation as a thesis against the ghost of Peter Cunningham himself, that Sloane Street, in spite of its few smart shops, is the more unlovely of the two. It is odd, I may remark, that according to the same eminent antiquarian, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, is the longest street in London without a turning out of it."

Keep my Secret is an innocent attempt to transplant into the last quarter of the nineteenth the abundant incidents that (according to novelists) diversified domestic life in the eighteenth. Though we cannot say that the author has contrived to make his story probable, or even possible, there is a kind of artlessness in the manner of narration that inspires kindly feelings towards the book. It is an autobiography (a form of narrative seldom to be commended), and the writer is a girl only ten years old when we are first introduced to her. Of course the instant she steps out of the train at Dartmoor on a visit to her grandmother, and is met by a very tall and, as it seemed to her, fabulously broad man, the reader knows that, in spite of appearances, he is being introduced to Miss Olga Damien's future husband. He acknowledges later in life that he fell in love with her on the spot, which seems unlikely; but Olga only detested him, inspired thereto by her uncle Rémy, son of the giant's stepmother. At last a fresh instance of sternness on the part of the oppressor and harrowing tales of Charlotte Corday told by the oppressed, result in Miss Olga stealing into the giant Victor Burnside's room at night and stabbing him, very nigh to death. This episode is well told, and the child's feelings of shame and horror when she finds how every one recoils from her, including the Uncle for whose sake she had attempted the murder, are natural and unexaggerated. But no grown people in possession of their senses would exact a promise of secrecy on such a matter from a child of ten, a promise that is even to include her mother. However, such is the story, and thus the curtain falls for eight years, after which events crowd thick into the heroine's life. She and her mother are taken back into favour by their rich grandfather, and all good things showered upon them. They go abroad, a kind of "happy" and "miscellaneous" family, meet Victor Burnside, now become—we presume from the influence of his devotion to his would-be murderess—a remarkably polished and handsome man. Rémy Damien mysteriously appears at various places, and is never seen by any one but Olga; an engagement is formed between Olga and her young cousin, whom her return has ousted from his position of heir to the Hall. Then we have secret meetings, false letters and telegrams, a beautiful lady who comes to occupy a neighbouring property when the late owner had been murdered, a blind lord, a vendetta, Corsican conspirators who betray themselves by conversing in English, the kidnapping of Olga, her discovery of a hidden treasure, a fire, the confession of the famous "Secret," and reluctance of the boy lover to hold to his engagement, Olga's release and marriage with Victor Burnside. The mind reels with the bare enumeration of such horrors, and, indeed, we earnestly recommend Miss G. M. Robins to dramatize her novel, and to offer it for production at the Surrey Theatre.

The Golden Spike is a very curious book. It has a good deal of humour, and is pleasant reading enough, or would be so if the author had been content to take his English people from the middle classes instead of from the aristocracy. As it is, he has evolved out of his inner consciousness some very singular human beings, with a system of titles that is very difficult to master. For instance, the heroine, Lady Helena, is a compound of many strange qualities. She "had inherited (p. 41) strength of will and independence from her father, the robust old earl," while in page 97 we behold her with "a resolute frown which she had inherited from the old duke her father." If it had not been so expressly stated that the earl was "old," we might have imagined that he was bearing only the second title; but the author has deprived us of this plausible explanation. Lady Helena is cousin to the Earl of Odfast, and lives with him and his wife; but they habitually address each other either as "cousin," or the Earl calls her "Lady Helena." She is intended to be a well-educated English lady, and imagines Minnesota to be a pretty suburb of New York! Surely a young woman of twenty-five who took an interest in investments, and knew in what the value of the security consisted, would have taken pains to discover the exact nature of the locality in which she had so large a stake. Next we have "the Honourable Bedis Ringdale"

(always alluded to in this fashion), an artist, concerned with amateur theatricals in high life, a designer of costumes, and a writer in journals. It is not difficult, by the way, to recognize the original for this sketch. It is a pity that certain faults should disfigure *The Golden Spike*, which otherwise contains a good deal that is amusing.

DURUY'S HISTOIRE DES ROMAINS.*

AFTER the lapse of six years since the appearance of its first fascicle M. Duruy has now completed that extensive work on Roman history which has won him a place among the much-envied Forty of the French Academy. Probably few works have ever been produced in any country with so copious a mass of illustrations, both in the form of wood engravings, maps, and large coloured lithographs. It is the presence of these numerous and in some cases very costly pictures that was intended to give to M. Duruy's History a position of its own beside the much more original and careful works of Mommsen, Ampère, and other writers on the same subject. Moreover, the author has shown considerable skill and literary power in the pleasant and eminently readable way in which he has treated his subject—a talent which, from the publisher's point of view, is especially valuable at a time when the mass of the reading public must have what little instruction they wish for conveyed to them in a pleasant form and in a way which makes the least possible demand upon their intellectual faculties. In the seven large volumes which form M. Duruy's History an exceptionally large amount of ground has been covered, no less than the whole series of periods from the prehistoric remains of the Stone Age in Italy down to half a century after the transference of the capital of the Roman world to Byzantium.

A considerable proportion of the work is devoted to the archaeology of Rome as distinct from its history, and it is to this branch of the subject that most of the illustrations belong. Unfortunately, it is in this side of his subject that M. Duruy is especially weak. He appears to be almost wholly unacquainted with the numerous discoveries which during the last fifteen or twenty years have done so much to throw light on Roman antiquities generally, and more especially on many of the most difficult questions in the topography of the city of Rome. Roman archaeologists of the past generation, among whom the chief was Canina, seemed to regard the topography and architecture of ancient Rome as a subject to be dealt with by a succession of happy (or, as they generally turned out, unhappy) guesses, or else as a field for the wildest flights of imaginative invention. The many large and magnificently illustrated works on ancient Rome which were published by Canina simply contain representations of the city as he thought the Romans ought to have built it; and no attempt was made to study with any real minuteness those remains which still exist, and from which a certain amount of deductions may be made with varying degrees of probability, and in some cases even with practical certainty of result.

An amusing and typical example of Canina's method of imaginative archaeology is shown by his elaborate series of plates of a "Temple of the Sun," a building which is wholly evolved out of a fragment of richly-carved entablature on the Quirinal Hill, which is now known to have belonged to the *Thermae of Constantine*, a gigantic structure which, of course, bore no resemblance to any sort of temple. Again, Canina's conjectural nomenclature of the existing buildings, especially those in and near the Forum Romanum, is now proved to have been erroneous in an astonishing number of cases; so that not even Mr. Parker himself is a more dangerous guide to the student in this line of research.

Unluckily M. Duruy has followed Canina even in his most ignorant blunders and wildest feats of imagination; copies are given, with no indication even to suggest a doubt, of such wholly fanciful structures as the Temple of the Sun (vi. 477), the Temple of Jupiter Stator (i. 13), and many others; while in some cases blunders which were corrected as far back as the last century are again revived; for example, that best known of Roman buildings, the Basilica of Constantine, is actually given as "the Temple of Peace," and, at another place, the well-known Temple of Vespasian is confused with the neighbouring but very different building, the great Temple of Concord. This being the case, it is not surprising to find that almost complete ignorance is shown of the great Palatine excavations, which were for so long carried on at the expense of Napoleon III. A building of late date, which stands midway on the slopes of the Palatine above the Circus Maximus, and is popularly known as the "Domus Gelotiana," is here represented (iv. 148) as the "Palace of Augustus," of which no remains whatever are now visible; and nearly every one of the views on the Palatine is accompanied by an imaginary or erroneous description.

Even worse blunders in Roman topography than these occur; the Aqueduct Gate, now known as the Porta Maggiore, which was included in the line of the great wall of Aurelianus, is actually figured as being the Porta Neria, one of the gates in the ancient circuit wall of the kings which included a very different area from that of Rome in the third century A.D. A most astonishing drawing is given in vol. iii. of the so-called "Mamertine Prison," with its upper chamber and *Tullianum* below, not bearing the slightest

resemblance to the actual thing, and all the more inexcusable as this most interesting structure is still very well preserved and is perfectly easy of access. Numberless other examples might be given of the traps laid to deceive the hapless reader, many of which are evidently the result of exceptional carelessness on the author's part; such as the two pretty woodcuts of the Greek theatres at Syracuse and Fiesole, both of which are called "amphitheatres," in spite of their real character being very clearly shown in the drawing.

In his illustrations representing ancient sculpture M. Duruy is, on the whole, more fortunate. Some of the statues and busts of the Roman Emperors are very skilfully engraved, and, what is even more important, they are rightly named. To this rule there are, however, a few exceptions; such as the statue of Claudius from Lanuvium, now in the Sala Rotonda of the Vatican, which is called that of Antoninus Pius, and the magnificent bronze "Victory of Brescia," which is described as being in the Louvre, surely a very needless mistake in a work written by a resident in Paris, who can hardly have thought, if he had looked at it, that the poor modern copy in the vestibule of the Louvre was the original Græco-Roman statue which is still the chief glory of Brescia.

In other places M. Duruy appears to be unable to distinguish between what is ancient and its modern reproduction; in vol. i. p. 453, he speaks indignantly of the celebrated *columna rostrata* of Duilius being disfigured by a gas-lamp; the fact being that the ancient column, or rather fragment of a column, is safe in the Capitoline Museum, and it is only its recently made copies which act as lamp-posts on the slopes of the Pincian hill.

As works of art, M. Duruy's illustrations are very unequal; some few are of very high merit, both chromolithographs and woodcuts. Among the coloured plates some are very pleasing and skilfully executed, especially the fourth-century ivory diptych of the Consul Flavius Felix (vi. 570), the large gold medallions of Alexander the Great, made in the time of the Emperor Severus Alexander (vi. 248), and the examples of Roman silver plate, fine *repoussé* vases, given in vol. v. Others of the chromolithographs are less successful, notably the copies from Pompeian wall-paintings, which are harsh and crude in colour, and give a very wrong notion of the real pictures. Among the woodcuts every variety of merit is represented; those which are done from photographs are mostly very good, while others, such as the pieces of the Parthenon frieze in vol. v., and many of the Greek coins scattered throughout the work, are simply caricatures of the most ludicrous sort.

In another branch of archaeology M. Duruy is much behind his time, and he seems hardly to have realized the greatly increased importance of ancient inscriptions as throwing light in all sorts of ways on Roman antiquities and history. He gives a very poor and inaccurate French translation of the great inscription of Ancyra, the *res gestæ* of Augustus, and wholly ignores the very complete way in which Mommsen has filled up the gaps and elucidated the meaning of this wonderful treasure of epigraphy.

In vol. iii. p. 536, M. Duruy states that the cost of casing in marble the sepulchral pyramid of Caius Cestius was defrayed by the sale of the gold tissues in which he had wished to be buried, contrary to the recently enacted law which prohibited the burial of valuables in a tomb. This was not the case; the marble facing had already been provided for by the will of C. Cestius, and his heirs spent the value of the gold stuffs, or *attalia*, as they were called, in setting up outside the tomb two colossal bronze statues, the feet of which, still attached to their marble pedestals, were discovered many years ago. The fact as to these statues being provided with money from the sale of the gold robes is recorded on the pedestals themselves.

The many coloured maps which illustrate this work are mostly good; that of Ancient Rome itself is unfortunately the worst (i. 132), being inaccurate, and hopelessly out of date. The Circus Flaminius and the Temple of Vesta are shown in the wrong place; the great Via Flaminia is made to take a course different from that of the modern Corso, whereas it really ran exactly on the line of the present street, the Porta del Popolo being on the exact site of the Porta Flaminia of Aurelianus; and the Circus of Caligula and Nero, and that of Hadrian, the sites of which are both known, are wholly omitted.

In spite of all these blunders and shortcomings, a large number of which are closely connected with the illustrations, a good deal of the text is not only written with a pleasant light hand, but is full of vigour, and shows an able grasp of the subject. On the whole, the Imperial period is more skilfully treated than the earlier part of the history of Rome; the chapter on the Hellenism of the Romans is fairly well treated, but wherever special antiquarian knowledge is required M. Duruy fails, and he appears to have little or no acquaintance with the great quantity of valuable contributions to the more minute knowledge of Roman history which has been supplied by the labours of many living German and Italian scholars. With the Italian language the author seems to have little or no acquaintance—a serious drawback to an historian of Italy—else he could hardly have committed blunders such as calling the bridge to the Tiber island "conte quattro papi" instead of "ponte de' quattro capi," and other mistakes of the same obvious sort.

* *Histoire des Romains*. By Victor Duruy. Paris: Hachette.

BOOKS CONCERNING LAW.*

EXCEPT for the pious purpose of commemorating the virtuous dead, there is perhaps little immediate use in publishing posthumously controversial works touching extinct disputes. But it has the incidental advantage that it enables the curious reader to mark the progress which the general public may have made in respect of the question under consideration. In the particular instance of Mr. Henry Romilly's discourse upon capital punishment, this profitable exercise has the special attraction of showing that on one important subject at least public opinion in general is sounder than it used to be. We do not learn from the preface in what year *The Punishment of Death* was written, but it appears from internal evidence to have been not much later than 1870, in which year capital executions were made private. Mr. Romilly died only recently, and it may be that he refrained from publishing his book when it was finished because it was even then apparent that the project which it advocates of abolishing the gallows was losing the last remnants of the hold on the mind of the public which it had had at an earlier period. There may still be an unimportant number of humane and cultivated men like Mr. Romilly who think, for serious reasons, that capital punishment is inexpedient; but the efforts of the noisy fanatics without whose support an "anti" crusade cannot now command success are at present directed, doubtless in obedience to some unascertained law of recurring periodicity, rather to the abolition of an almost equally beneficial practice—that of vaccination. Whether it be because executions are carried out privately, or because Lefroy, Lamson, Peace, and the dynamiters have not existed in vain, or because for once common sense has asserted itself in the long run, the controversy about capital punishment is decided against Mr. Romilly, and the interest of his contentions is almost entirely historical. His work is cast in the form of letters to a supposed correspondent, a method which to some extent excuses the rather marked repetition which characterizes it. The whole contention is based on one argument, which is to the following effect. A great crime will be punished in the next world unless it is atoned for in this "by sorrow for a past offence, accompanied and attested by a subsequent course of virtuous action." If you hang a criminal three weeks after conviction, it is doubtful whether he has time to be really sorry for his crime, and it is certain that he cannot accompany and attest his repentance by a virtuous course of action. Therefore by being hanged he is deprived of an opportunity, which he would have if he was not hanged, of escaping punishment in the next world—"we are in intention, if not in effect, arrogantly and cruelly interposing between that man and his Almighty Judge." The insertion here of the words "if not in effect" shows that Mr. Romilly was more or less conscious of one of the fatal blots in his reasoning. The argument depends upon the postulate, among others, that the fate of a man in the next world depends upon principles and rules which we can understand sufficiently to manipulate them so as to affect the eternal welfare of that particular man. This is a large assumption, and we might answer Mr. Romilly's application of it by saying that the Bible inculcates the execution of murderers, and that, having detected a man in murder, we have no right to keep him alive when Providence intended him to be hanged, and so enable him to get off with less future punishment than he deserved, or give him the opportunity of incurring more by committing another murder. If there is any such mechanical rule that so much wickedness deserves so much damnation, subject to the possibility of excuse by so much repentance, we know nothing of it, and should be behaving rather impiously in attempting to make it work according to our liking. Again, the argument presupposes that, if the criminal is not hanged, his character is likely to improve, which is not believed to be the experience of those best qualified to judge. Mr. Romilly, like most, if not all, other writers against capital punishment, proposes to substitute for death perpetual, hopeless, and laborious imprisonment. Again he shows the weakness of the suggestion by insisting with extreme gravity on the absolute necessity that the unchanged murderer should have no chance and no hope of ever being released under any circumstances whatever, except upon proof of his innocence. He is to pass away absolutely from the world, and be totally dead to all his fellow-creatures except the warders in charge of him. How a man dead to every one but his warders is in a better position to prove his innocence than a man dead to every one including his warders, Mr. Romilly never explains, for the best of reasons. Of course all this precaution is futile. You cannot deprive a living man of all hope

of release, and you cannot make people outside his prison certain that he will never be let out. There is one way, and only one way, of securing the certainty of non-release which Mr. Romilly justly considers to be essential to a properly-constituted punishment for the worst offences, and that is to put the prisoner to death. Stone-dead has no fellow, and Mr. Romilly's design of inflicting upon convicted murderers every single thing which constitutes the terror of death except dying is chimerical on the face of it. Indeed, the whole treatise shows to what shifts of argument an able and candid man may be driven when he has fallen a victim to a fad which is really due only to a mixture of religious cowardice and sentimentality. We are incidentally reminded by an extract published in a footnote that the reporters of the principal daily papers have greatly improved, in respect of executions, upon the manners of fifteen years ago.

Bound up with the essay on Capital Punishment is a tract on the Ballot, another dead controversy, which, however, ended in the prevalence of the author's views. It has been published before, and all that it is necessary to say of it here is to notice the statement that, though every elector ought to have "the moral courage to brave the anger of his employer and the imputation of ingratitude, and do his duty by his country," yet "nine electors out of ten have no such courage." This was written of the electorate as it existed under the provisions of the Reform Act of 1832. To what proportion of our present rulers would Mr. Romilly allow the possession of that amount of moral courage? [In the sixties, when Mr. Romilly's paper was first published, the expression "moral courage" commonly meant courage in facing moral as distinguished from physical danger. The Gladstonian euphemism, whereby it simply signifies any kind of cowardice, was not then in general use.]

The Oxford Board of Legal Studies recommends the use of Dr. Salkowski's *Institutes of Roman Law*. Mr. Whitfield, of Oriel College, has therefore translated them into English words. It may be that in these enlightened days the legal students of Oxford do not understand Latin—even the Latin of the Pandects. "The jury and I don't understand Greek," as an eminent Queen's Counsel observed when his opponent quoted "De minimis non curat lex." But if they understand Mr. Whitfield's English they are much to be congratulated. It is not quite clear that the book is not a joke; but, if it is, it is a heavy joke—and it has 1048 pages. The doubt arises partly from Mr. Whitfield's prefatory announcement that "It has been no part of my plan to cite the excerpts always in the same way. . . . I have cited rubrics at the first occurrence in the particular section of the title affected, and afterwards where they could conveniently, and by way of variety, be cited without the numbers for book and title. This may serve to exercise the student's memory." Although this passage is beyond the power of man to construe, the general purport—that different modes of citation are introduced of malice aforethought—is clear. Then comes a translation into English words of an "Author's Preface," after Mark Twain. We pledge our sacred word of honour that it contains the sentence which here follows, reproduced *verbatim et literatim*:—"The present text-book sets itself the task of grouping and setting forth in the briefest possible and in a precise form the elements of pure Roman law, as a guide for lectures upon the Institutes, in a comprehensive manner and according to their essential connexion." Lower down the hapless Doctor is made to hope that the work thus shamefully fathered upon him will "contribute to the knowledge of the importance of that Law so lofty, which was so skilfully elaborated." The scheme of the book is a Whitfield translation of Dr. Salkowski's text, interspersed with excerpts from Roman lawyers, with references arranged in the humorous fashion explained above. All these excerpts are translated into Whitfield in the foot-notes. Two examples, taken at random, will suffice. Dr. Salkowski is translated thus:—"This very readily resulted in lack of heirs, an impropriety which, in a somewhat rough fashion, might be met by *in jure cessio hereditatis* and *pro herede usucapio*, but against which the Pretorian order of succession was the first to furnish effective relief." Marcian is translated thus:—"Hence a question has arisen: if a woman in servitude with child is manumitted, and after having subsequently been enslaved, has brought forth, does she bear a freeman or a slave? It is nevertheless more justly thought that it is born free, and that it suffices the embryo to have had a free mother in the intervening time alone." If Mr. Whitfield's book is a joke, it is an exceedingly poor one at the price. If it is meant seriously, it is the very worst book about Roman or any other law which a prolonged and varied experience has brought under our notice.

For a long time—forty years, according to Messrs. Oldham and Foster—there has been no new book, or none of note, on the Law of Distress. Woodfall's *Landlord and Tenant* and *Cole on Ejectment* are both excellent books of practice, but they include much other matter besides Distress, and it is therefore probable that these gentlemen have judged rightly in thinking that there was room for a separate work on this important subject. The first part deals at length with Distress for Rent, the second with Remedies for Wrongful Distress, and the third with Distress for Poor's Rates and other liabilities of a public kind. The whole subject appears to have been carefully and exhaustively dealt with, the references are plentiful, and the book will probably be found thoroughly useful.

Mr. Castle's book on Rating, first published in 1879, has reached a second edition. It is hateful to be rated, and we are all over-rated—except in the sense in which we should like to be

* *The Punishment of Death*. To which is appended his *Treatise on Public Responsibility and Vote by Ballot*. By Henry Romilly, M.A. London: John Murray. 1886.

Institutes and History of Roman Private Law, with Catena of Texts. By Dr. Carl Salkowski, Ordinary Professor of Laws in the University of Königsberg. Translated in full and edited by E. E. Whitfield, M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1886.

The Law of Distress, with an Appendix of Forms, Table of Statutes, &c. By Arthur Oldham, of the Inner Temple, and A. La Trobe Foster, of the Middle Temple, Barristers-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1886.

A Practical Treatise on the Law of Rating. Second Edition. By James Edward Castle, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1886.

The Acts relating to Building Societies, comprising the Act of 1836, and the Building Societies' Acts, 1874, 1875, 1877, and 1884, and the Treasury Regulations, 1884; with an Introduction, copious Notes, and Precedents of Rules and Assurances. By Edward Albert Wurtzburg, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1886.

if it were possible—so that the subject is necessarily somewhat disgusting, but Mr. Castle deals with it courageously. In an appendix he considers three cases not reported, except in the *Times*, soon enough to come into the body of his work. These are *R. v. Berwick-on-Tweed*, *The Dewsbury and Heckmondwike Waterworks v. Penistone*, and *R. v. the School Board of London*. The other new matter consists of judicial decisions, and not of statutes. The book is well arranged and a sound piece of work, but the index might be fuller.

Mr. Wurtzburg's book on Building Societies is an edition of the various statutes referred to in his title-page, with rather brief notes. He also gives the Treasury Regulations of 1884, and some forms, including one of Rules for a Permanent Building Society. This latter is stated to consist of the rules actually in force in "one of the largest and most successful Societies in England," so that it appears to have held water. It gives the directors power "to conduct and manage the affairs of the Society in all things according to their discretion, subject only to the rules for the time being." The rules for the time being can be changed at any time by a vote of three-fourths of the number present and entitled to vote at a special meeting called for the purpose. These provisions are said to work well, and would probably be popular with directors. Mr. Wurtzburg also gives the text of a fearsome thing called an Act of Sederunt, dated Edinburgh, and appointed by "the lords" to be "inserted in the Books of Sederunt." He does not comment upon it—no more shall we.

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.*

WHATEVER may be the literary value of the dramatic compositions of the day, there can be but one opinion as to the vitality of the theatre. As an institution and a social force, the stage has enormously advanced in recent times. Its influence has probably never before been so widespread and multi-form, or its popularity among all classes so genuine and assured. As to the status of the contemporary drama, there may still be heard the despairing cries of a desperate band, wailing in the wilderness beyond the pale where the masters of the craft hold high converse with their critical brethren. Their case is particularly forlorn just now, when our critics are employed on dread questions which we do not now propose to discuss. Even though the future of the British drama trembles in the balance, we must perforce, and tremblingly, suffer it to tremble. It is only natural that a corresponding increase of public interest in all that relates to the stage should accompany its remarkable revival of power and dignity. The prodigious increase of the multitude of playgoers, here and in America, has inevitably led to a popular awakening of the spirit of curiosity and inquiry. Playgoers are no longer a particular denomination, or an enthusiastic sect, hoarders of playbills, retentive of reminiscences, and vehicles of tradition. They defy the inflexible definition that once accurately classed them as a separate and peculiar people, and they now represent the nation. If they exist at all, the separate and peculiar people are those who never enter a theatre and excommunicate Shakespeare. The frequent lamentation that the art of the actor leaves but a transitory impression and perishes with the final exit from the stage is something worse than futile. The actor's fate is not more chill and isolated from the sympathy and apprehension of posterity than that of the orator. He has most loyal and convincing allies in the forces of tradition, in the testimony of his brethren, in the annals of biographers, in the records of the "thin race of irritable critics," and in the fervent hereditary instinct that impels good playgoers to keep alive "the rose of their remembrance." The pathos of the stilled voice, the lost presence, the inscrutable magnetism in the actor's case is surely not more acute than the dumb and unmerited oblivion that has overtaken many a famous dramatist, or poet, or singer, or littérateur. The literature of the greatest dramatic era since the revival of learning, the greater part, at least, of the Elizabethan drama, is practically a closed book, utterly extinct as regards the stage, and as cryptic to the reading public as are the tombs of the Pharaohs. The annals of the stage are astonishingly rich in personal records and anecdote, in criticism and biography, and in all the material that is indispensable in the resuscitation of the dead past. Hitherto, unfortunately, this teeming and invaluable testimony has remained inaccessible in a great measure to all but students, and quite beyond the assimilative powers of the new order of playgoers. Even if this vast accumulation of evidence were not scattered far and wide, often in the most unpromising quarters, the need of a handy and authoritative digest is rendered the more pressing by the present increase of contemporary criticism and biography, much of which is contributed to periodicals and liable to be overlooked. This want is most admirably supplied by the novel and ingenious scheme of Messrs. Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton, the editors of *Actors and Actresses in the United States*, the first volume of which is now before us.

The editorial aim is to present a gallery of portraits of repre-

sentative British and American actors from the age of Garrick to the present time, by selecting from the resources of criticism, biography, and anecdote everything that is necessary to the distinction and individualism of portraiture. The present volume is devoted to Garrick and his contemporaries. The second will deal with the Kembles and the school in which they were acknowledged chiefs. The third and fourth embrace the times of the elder Kean and Macready, while the fifth and final volume will treat of living exponents of the art. It is obvious that extensive research and knowledge, combined with a thoroughly trained critical faculty, are required to deal effectively with the immense and often conflicting material at hand. Nothing short of the gifts and experience of the specialist could successfully evolve order and form and completeness from so bewildering a chaos. The editors have recognized this by securing the assistance of well-known experts. Their associated labours are inspired by the wholesome emulative spirit of co-operation, and reveal independence of judgment and catholicity of view that alone justify the enterprise of the editors. The special contributions in critical biography, however, do not stand alone. Not less important than these are the literary extracts appended to each biography, which are drawn from many sources and cover the whole literature of the subject. The verdicts and rivalries of contemporaries, the choicest excerpts from anecdotic lore, and the final summary of posterity, are here presented side by side, confirming and elucidating the biographer. It would be difficult to overrate the discrimination and research these selections reveal. Collectively, they form a fine concentration of the rich but unwieldy biographical material, and are excellent examples of the art of distillation. In one respect the contributors to the present volume have generally exhibited commendable discretion. The arduous task of forming an impartial judgment of an actor from the records of his time is increased tenfold when the actor is Garrick or one of his contemporaries. To test the credibility of conflicting testimony, to weigh the distracting antagonisms of the evidence, to estimate at their true value the hasty or deliberate impressions of prejudice or passion, are a few of the delicate duties of the critical expert. In treating of Garrick and the curiously divergent opinions of his great contemporaries, Mr. Austin Dobson is content to avoid the nicer problems suggested by the collection of opinions that follows his concise and lucid monograph. We miss, by the way, Fielding's graphic and convincing testimonial to Garrick's power, which, though projected from the terrestrial body of Partridge, is yet the spiritual conviction of the novelist. The name of Garrick recalls the galaxy of talents that were early associated with the great actor. Of these, Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Woffington, Macklin, and Barry all find a place in the present volume, though Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Pritchard are absent. There are, of course, many actors of considerable renown whose claims to inclusion in this series of biographies the editors are compelled to reject. In connexion with this inevitable result they observe, with admirable force, "In nothing is the personal equation larger and more important than in the estimate of histrionic gifts." Judging from the initial volume we shall be surprised if few or any of the readers of the series will dissent from the editors' choice. It may be said of certain actors that they were great conquerors of small domains which they ruled by the divine right of some specific quality of individuality. They inherited nothing from their predecessors; ignored the traditions of the schools, and when they disappeared, left nothing for tradition to thrive on. Others there are whose claims chiefly rest on the authority of some distinguished critic, whose fervour and eloquence naturally increase the responsibility of rejection. Lamb's panegyric of Bensley's Iago is one striking instance of this kind of claim, and doubtless many similar cases have occurred to Mr. Brander Matthews and Mr. Hutton. The biographical value of anecdotes is repeatedly exemplified by the editors' judicious choice. They have discreetly avoided the merely comic incidents that naturally abound in the vicissitudes of an actor's experience, and have restricted their selection entirely to anecdotes that are veritable illustrations of the actor's personality, that illuminate, amplify, or accentuate the biographical portraiture. American actors are naturally not predominant in a volume that deals with the life and times of Garrick, though Mr. Eggleston's biography of the second Lewis Hallam, with the accompanying extracts from Dunlap's *History of the American Theatre*, and the curious testimony of Josiah Quincy and William B. Wood, are extremely interesting. Mr. Brander Matthews, in his two contributions on Foote and Thomas Sheridan, makes every touch tell, and both articles are happy examples of the art of summary. The monographs of Mrs. Woffington, of Henderson, of Spranger Barry and his wife, and of Tate Wilkinson may be also noted for force and condensation of style. The scheme of the work favours compression and directness of language, keen touches of criticism, the making of points and *aperçus*. We hap frequently on such flashes of true insight as the felicitous parallelism of Foote and M. Sardou (p. 144), and the statement (p. 258) "Foote was apt to be jealous of everybody, and Garrick was certainly jealous of Henderson." When Mr. Archer, however, thinks it is "not an altogether false impression to call Macklin the Phelps of last century," we feel as if in the presence of an allegory. The converse of the proposition might not be wholly meaningless to the present generation. In parting from this very interesting volume, we cannot forbear admitting that our gratitude is not uncompounded with a sense of favours

* *Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States*. From the days of David Garrick to the Present Time. Edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton. Vol. I. Garrick and his Contemporaries. New York: Cassell & Co.

to come. We look to the promised volumes to fulfil the large expectations we have formed from the present, and are confident that every playgoer, British or American, will find in the work an invaluable companion.

SWINBURNE'S MISCELLANIES.*

SOME one is reported to have once asked, without any apparent desire to be paradoxical, How it was that Mr. Swinburne, without the faintest pretensions to be a critic, could sometimes write such excellent criticism? The question is perhaps not very difficult to answer, especially as it is not necessary to quarrel with any of its terms. Certainly, if a critic means a judge, no soul alive has less pretensions to the title than the author of these *Miscellanies*. Of the judicial faculty—which is, in other words, the faculty of seeing things as they are, despite any temptations to see them as they are not—Mr. Swinburne has not even a trace. When he describes himself, as he does here, as “a student of history, unconscious alike of prejudice and of prepossession,” we believe implicitly in the “unconscious,” inasmuch as Mr. Swinburne has never in his voluminous writings shown any signs of being other than an honourable gentleman. But all the rest of the phrase can only excite a smile. Where any one of certain very well-known and very numerous red rags comes in, Mr. Swinburne can only put his head down and go at it. He is even so much under the possession of “prejudice and prepossession” that he does what is not recorded of any bull—he deliberately fetches red rags when the subject displays nothing but blue or green or the most inoffensive white, in order to put his head down and go at them. Thus a very simple reader may possibly wonder what on earth is the bearing or relevance of the following phrase, which occurs in the midst of a supplementary note on Mary, Queen of Scots (the very place, by the way, where the above description of himself occurs):—“Some writers have averred that the Bonaparte family did once produce an honest man and an equitable ruler, Louis, King of Holland, whose only son gave his life in vain for Italy.” Admit that Louis, King of Holland has in the allusive-comparative style some ghostly semblance of business here; why, will the innocent say, the addition which we have italicized? In order, oh innocent! that Mr. Swinburne might, à propos of nothing at all, fling an imputation of bastardy at Napoleon III., whom he hates consumedly, because a great poet whom he loves was once completely taken in by the said Napoleon III. and never could forgive it. Again, in a preface Mr. Swinburne (rather out of his custom, but not a whit too soon) tries to defend himself against the charge of using very indecent language about Thomas Carlyle. His defence is lame enough, being practically reducible to the assertion that, in his opinion, Carlyle’s political opinions were horribly wrong. Now we, for our parts, think some of Mr. Swinburne’s political opinions, if not horribly, at any rate rather ineptly and very mischievously, wrong; and we think much the same of Shelley’s and of Milton’s. But, though all three have given ample handles, we don’t avail ourselves of these to speak of any of them as Mr. Swinburne speaks of Mr. Carlyle. And in the course of this apologia Mr. Swinburne gives himself away by another “fling” of the kind just quoted. To illustrate his position that “all belief implies a corresponding disbelief,” he observes that it is impossible for any one to believe both in Christ and in Calvin. Now we are as far from believing in Calvin (though the fairness is in a rather different direction) as Mr. Swinburne is. But Mr. Swinburne knows quite as well as we do, and his knowledge is his reason for the fling, that there are large numbers of persons who do believe both in Christ and in Calvin, and that these persons will be deeply offended by his assumption of the impossibility as a mathematical truism. This knowledge, we say, is of the essence of a fling, which, as distinguished from a legitimate assertion of opinion, is a dogmatic utterance (by implication or innuendo for choice) on a disputed point having nothing to do with the subject. And the person who indulges in flings is *ipso facto* not a critic; which, indeed, need hardly be laboriously demonstrated in the case of a man of great intellectual abilities who can describe Landor as being possessed not merely of “high principle” (we may pass that) but of “good sense, far-sighted and impartial reason.” *Solvuntur risu* after this, and we may as well go away to another part of the subject.

In that part luckily we have little to do but to praise. Mr. Swinburne is sometimes amusing, but scarcely ever important when he talks of what he does not like; for it is the nature of man to be even more influenced by prejudice in dislike than by prepossession in liking. He is sometimes very dubiously trustworthy when he talks of what he likes. Nothing has done so much harm to the great name of Victor Hugo as Mr. Swinburne’s indiscriminate and extravagant laudation, directed, as such laudation always is, to the weakest even more than to the strongest points of his idol. The worst essay in this book by far is devoted to “Auguste Vacquerie,” who had the fortune or misfortune to be a kind of connexion and a close pupil of the idol’s, and is accordingly the subject of a paper in which everything that criticism should not be is illustrated, except bad writing, while the utter lack of proportion and measure makes the writing almost bad. Among other things there is a sentence which is three lines short of filling an entire page, and not a small page either. But

when Mr. Swinburne is not in these altitudes of praise, and when he is not in the opposite altitudes (or profundities, if any one likes) of blame, and when the subject is not a defender or an opponent of religion or monarchy, or a person who has at some time expressed an opinion that Napoleon III. was not the absolutely worst of men, or a writer who has spoken rudely of Charles Lamb, or one who has hinted that Victor Hugo was not quite an Aristotle in politics—when, in short, his enthusiastic love of literature has free play, and is not turned into mere dotage by his love of something that is not literature—then, and very often, he writes admirable sense, and puts it in language which is more than admirable. And let no man say that in saying this we are falling into Mr. Swinburne’s own error, and mistaking the feeling of sympathy for the perception of merit. That we venture, as unpharisaically as possible, to think exactly the point where we are a little holier, in the critical sense, than the author of *Chastelard*. We can disapprove of the principles of the *Songs before Sunrise*, and yet maintain that they hold some of the most admirable verse in English; Mr. Swinburne thinks it necessary to fall foul of some of the finest verses in the French language (Musset’s apostrophe, “Et que nous reste-t-il à nous, les déicides?”), obviously for no other reason than that they rebuke the opponents of Christianity. In the same way we are by no means in accordance with many of the critical opinions of which we have just praised both the thought and the expression. But that does not make us blind to their merit.

The best and most interesting matter of the book is contained in its first fifty pages, which are occupied by two collections of loose and almost random notes on different English poets; notes full of admirable *aperçus*, and seldom failing in justice, except perhaps in one case—the case of Spenser, whom Mr. Swinburne, for some reason or other, evidently does not “taste.” Another very interesting division of the book consists of the articles on various classics, reprinted from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and from Mr. Ward’s *British Poets*, in which the need of compression has exercised a very salutary influence, though perhaps Mr. Swinburne could never quite attain to the mixture of briefly put but abundant fact and terse but sufficient criticism which marks the model article of the kind, and which is one of the rarest things in literature. The paper on Mary Queen of Scots, of similar origin, has a long appendix dealing with Mr. Hosack’s defence. It is impossible to deal at length with this question, but it may be said that Mr. Swinburne’s claim to be unprejudiced and impartial is much better justified here than elsewhere. Speaking ourselves from not a little study of the matter, we should say that the chief fault of his treatment is this. He has given more weight to the undoubted probability that Mary might have done the things assigned to her than to the remarkable absence of positive testimony that she did do them. He is quite right, absolutely right, in condemning the argument from improbability in Mary’s case, though it must be remembered that some of Mary’s enemies are just as foolish in assuming that Elizabeth and Elizabeth’s Ministers would not have lied, forged, and, in short, availed themselves of the regular weapons of sixteenth-century statecraft. But we cannot help thinking that he has been a little seduced by the much greater poetical capabilities of the Mary of his own preference as compared with the half-angelic but savourless creature of the thoroughgoing defenders. Mr. Swinburne sums up, “Supposing she had taken part in the slaying of Darnley, there is every excuse for her; supposing she had not, there is none.” This is epigrammatic, but scarcely, we think, judicial. We should prefer a less brilliant antithesis. It was very probable that Mary Stuart would take part in the slaying of Darnley; but there is absolutely no valid evidence that she did.

Space would fail us to notice fully the remaining contents of a book which is not less interesting because its value is so oddly uneven. The capital paper on “Lamb and Wither” has, perhaps, the fewest blots of any. The long controversial dispute with Mr. Matthew Arnold on the merits of Wordsworth and Byron will be fresh in the memories of all readers who take an interest in poetical criticism, and is likely to be included among the best remembered contributions to such criticism of the present day. It is, indeed, in parts eminently characteristic of Mr. Swinburne’s weakness as a controversialist and of his frequent inability to make the best even of a good case. But it contains, on the other hand, much excellent matter. The paper on “Tennyson and Musset” is of much more dubious value, the writer (though he does not in the least know it) being at every moment *tirillé* by the fear that if he praises Musset he will be disrespectful to Hugo, and that if he praises Lord Tennyson he may be suspected of admiring the late Prince Consort. A funnier spectacle to those who can see is nowhere to be found. The article on “Charles Reade” contains a very just and dignified denunciation of the use of violent language, of “spattering, yelling, and foaming,” and of other such bad literary habits. Nor should we omit to thank Mr. Swinburne for reprinting (from, we think, *The Gentleman’s Magazine*) an interesting note on Dryden’s connexion with *The Mistaken Husband*, though we wish he had added an indication of some passage in the wide range of Dryden’s work which he thinks like the passages he quotes from the play in turn of words or arrangement of verse. If we add a short and enthusiastic piece on Emily Brontë, written to welcome Miss Mary Robinson’s biography, we shall have commented more or less on everything in a book which, miscellaneous as are the matters which it contains, is made more homogeneous than many

* *Miscellanies*. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Clatto & Windus. 1886.

productions of the strictest outward uniformity by the strong individuality of its author's views and style. Mr. Swinburne may be wrong or he may be right; but he is, at any rate, always himself, and to be this is a very great thing.

FORM DISCIPLINE.*

FORM Discipline is not a title prophetic of much that is interesting to the general reader; but those who take up Mr. Sidgwick's pamphlet on this subject in the expectation of something dry and heavy will be agreeably disappointed. It is, of course, primarily addressed to schoolmasters, who are perhaps a somewhat stiff-necked race, and disinclined to accept advice from the looker-on; but any one of them who fails to pick up a useful hint or two from Mr. Sidgwick's little work must be either very conceited or else very stupid. The author has all the due *reverentia* for youth, without which no man should presume to set himself up as a teacher either of boys or of their masters, and he has also that genial sense of humour which every tutor should possess, or, not possessing, pray for.

Mr. Sidgwick thinks that boys are not so wilfully mischievous as they are painted; he can find an excuse even for the boy who put cobbler's wax on the seat of his master's chair. The boys "are only wanting to have their fun." "It was, in my view, an intolerable piece of inconsistency and caprice in the man to mind being waxed. He had stood everything short of it; and how was the boy to know that he drew the line at cobbler's wax?" How, indeed? But still, if he had not anticipated the drawing of the line, where would the "fun" have come in? The youthful rustic finds a soul-satisfying pleasure in prodding the village donkey; but the occupation becomes stale and unprofitable if the patient beast refuses even to kick.

With the following extract everybody will agree:—

The fun to be got in school is spiced with an exquisite sense of contrast and incongruity which makes it particularly attractive. Think how you laughed when the cat jumped on to the table at domestic prayers; or when your best friend walked all up chapel with a devout expression in front and an antimacassar behind; and you will understand how small a thing may seem fun to a boy amid the decorum and restraint of a school lesson.

Mr. Sidgwick's ideal disciplinarian is, after all, much the same as Quintilian's—*minime iracundus, minime contumeliosus*—and their general estimate of the duties of a master towards his pupils are in many respects identical. What makes the Englishman's work especially valuable is the practical manner in which his theories are illustrated, and their peculiar adaptability to English school-life as it is, and as it is likely to remain. Particularly would we lay stress on that part of *Form Discipline* which treats of the necessity of distinguishing between different classes of faults—those, for instance, which sin against morality, and those on the other hand which are offences against arbitrary, though necessary, school laws. Though there may be a rule to the contrary, nothing can persuade Jones *mi.* that he was not right in punching Brown's head for "cheek"—not even if the great Mr. Barlow shall have risen from the dead to convince him. Now if Jones *mi.* once discovers that his master classes the "punch" of retribution with such acts as lying, &c., which the boy in his own heart acknowledges to be wrong, the pupil's opinion of his instructor as a judge of ethical questions is unconsciously destroyed, and the result must be grievous to both parties.

Readers must go to the book itself for some amusing anecdotes of school-life, and also for some clever descriptions of the various types of schoolmaster, the "warrior," the "thunderer" (the Jupiter Tonans of the class-room), &c.; we can only assure them that they will be entertained by the perusal. In the meanwhile let us express a hope that Mr. Sidgwick has not done with his subject. As he himself tells us, he has given us his opinion on "the stimulus of education" as well as on "discipline"; we trust that he will add a third treatise, as technical as he pleases, on "Method," and complete the obligation which schoolmasters already owe him.

THE ABBEY OF CROSRAGUEL.†

THE Archaeological Association of Ayrshire and Galloway has done something more than justify its existence by the production of these stately volumes; it has set a wholesome example to many other Societies of a like kind throughout the kingdom. Every county in England has at least one monastery, and some have several with histories that are certainly as well worth exhaustive treatment as that of this Ayrshire house, and yet few attempts of this kind have been made. It is work that, as far as money is concerned, must of course be done by co-operation, and County Societies that exist for the purpose of putting together and illustrating local history would spend their money to far greater advantage in producing books of this sort than in printing half the papers that fill their Journals. In most cases, however, an extra

levy would be needed, and, without presuming to guess how funds were raised to meet the cost of printing these volumes, we may congratulate the members of this Scotch Society, by no means a large one, on the liberality implied in the magnificent form in which Mr. Hunter Blair's work appears, as well as on the excellence of the work itself. Now a book of this sort to be excellent must needs be complete even in the smallest point, and yet must not be put together in a mere antiquarian spirit; it demands judgment, taste, and some knowledge of general as well as of local history. All these requirements are fulfilled here. While a large collection of documents relating to the Abbey, probably all that are in existence in any shape, is printed at length, the editor has called attention to everything of importance in his materials, and has made a continuous history out of them in his introduction. To each charter is appended either a translation or a sufficient abstract, and several facsimiles are given. Concise and scholarly footnotes explain obsolete and technical terms, supply biographical details, and refer the student to authorities. The volumes are splendidly illustrated, and the series of architectural drawings supplied by Mr. James Morris is everything that can be wished for in that respect. The circumstances of the foundation of the Abbey are interesting. Men were much the same inside a monastery as in the world outside its gates; and when, at the close of the twelfth century, a certain Earl of Carrick gave lands to the Cluniac convent of Paisley on condition that the monks should build another monastery on them, they kept the endowment for their own house, and satisfied their consciences by setting up a cell or oratory at Crosraguel, part of the Earl's donation. After some years, however, the founder insisted that the conditions of his gift should be fulfilled. The unwilling monks appealed to Clement IV., and Mr. Hunter Blair thinks that the Pope decided against them. This is not by any means certain, for, as he does not fail to point out, Crosraguel was confirmed to Paisley by a Bull dated some years later. It seems probable that, though the monks were compelled to build a regular monastery, the new house was for a time in the position of a cell to the parent Abbey, and that its endowment was, therefore, reckoned among the Paisley lands. It always remained to some extent dependent upon Paisley, for the Abbot of Paisley had visitatorial rights over Crosraguel, and the abbots of the younger house were bound on their election to seek confirmation from him as a vicar of Cluny. A notice of a visitation of the Abbey is given here. Things were very bad at Crosraguel in 1370, and the Abbot of Paisley, who had visited the house and "found many faults and defects," cited Abbot Roger and his monks to appear before him. After reading the citation, Roger at once announced his resignation, on the score of "age and infirmity." Mr. Hunter Blair says that "the whole story is pathetic." We may be uncharitable, but, considering that no corrody or other allowance appears to have been assigned to the retiring abbot, and that we are simply told that he went back to Dunfermline whence he came, we are inclined to think that, in spite of the anxiety he expressed about "the flock committed to him," the old man had good reasons for wishing to avoid being compelled to answer the citation. The history of the Abbey was largely determined by its connexion, first with the house of Bruce, and later with the Earls of Cassillis. When the earldom of Carrick vested in Robert de Brus, the father of King Robert, in virtue of his marriage with the heiress of Earl Nigel, the new Earl made grants to the Abbey, and his example was followed by his descendants, the Kings of Scotland. All the lands of Crosraguel were erected into a free barony, and the monks received rights of jurisdiction over their tenants extending in some cases even to capital punishment (*fura et fossa*). Under the Stewarts these privileges were still further enlarged, for Robert III. made the Abbey a regality, investing the abbot with the "quatuor puncta coronæ," which answered to our pleas of the Crown. Meanwhile the house suffered from the English invasions. Henry Percy, Warden of Galloway, took up his quarters there in 1306, the year before Paisley Abbey was burnt, and it is highly probable that certain gifts made to Crosraguel by David II. were given in order to enable the monks to make good damage that had been done by Percy's soldiers. Before the end of the next century the church which had almost fallen into ruins was thoroughly repaired by one of the abbots, who "spent whole days amongst the masons and other artisans."

By the election of William Kennedy, brother of the second Earl of Cassillis, the monastery was brought into fresh relations with the affairs of the kingdom at large. The Abbot of Paisley refused to confirm the election. No reason for this refusal is given here; but it appears extremely probable that it was connected with the feud between the Hamiltons and the Douglasses. On the murder of his brother, Abbot William became the "tutor" or guardian of the young Earl, afterwards a prominent supporter of John Knox, and earlier a leader of the "Assured Scots," the party to which the Abbot perhaps also belonged. His career was busy and energetic, and, while he seems to have discharged the duties of his office with some credit, it is rather too much to say that "not a breath of slander sullied the blameless life of William Kennedy," seeing that he, together with a large number of his clan, was summoned before the Secret Council on the charge of complicity in "the cruel slaughter" of Robert Campbell of Lochferguss and two others. These murders, of which the abbot appears to have been acquitted, were evidently committed in revenge for the death of his brother the Earl, who was slain by one of the Campbells, and this feud between the two houses of Campbell and Kennedy is not the only instance we have here of the lawless condition of the country in the sixteenth

* *Form Discipline*. A Lecture delivered at Cambridge by A. Sidgwick, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and late Assistant-Master at Rugby School. London: Rivingtons.

† *Charters of the Abbey of Crosraguel*. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Printed for the Ayrshire and Galloway Archaeological Association. 1886.

century. The next abbot, Quintin Kennedy, was appointed by the Crown, for the right of election had by this time been taken from the Scotch monasteries. He was a learned theologian, and held a three days' controversy with Knox on Maybole Green. Both parties of course claimed the victory. It is said that the abbot brought several wagon-loads of books on to the green for the purpose of reference, and that the spectators made a bonfire of them in triumph at his supposed defeat by the champion of Calvinism. On the occasion of another disputation which he was to have held, and which never came off, his adversary in like manner appeared with a wagon filled with books. One can scarcely wonder that such overwhelming preparations never had any definite result. When the storm of the Reformation broke on the monasteries, the abbot was enabled by the help of his kinsman Cassillis to save his house from total destruction. "The Protestant of the West," Knox writes, "kest down Failford, Kilwynning, and a part of Corsragwell." The half-ruined Abbey was inhabited by monks as late as 1592. Meanwhile the abbacy was held for some years by Allan Stewart, the unlucky victim of the Earl of Jassillis. A full account is given of how the Earl inveigled Stewart into the castle of Dunure and there roasted him before a huge fire, "and that the rost suld not burn, but that it might rost in soppe, spared not flaming with oyle," until he signed certain "tacks" in his tormentor's favour. The famous story is, Mr. Hunter Blair believes, greatly exaggerated; but that the abbot was cruelly treated is certainly true. A section of the introduction is devoted to an inquiry into the meaning of the strange-looking name of the Abbey. Different opinions are quoted, and it is amusing to find Professor Rhys seeking to connect the latter part of the name with some Welsh word and Mr. Vigfusson suggesting that it may be connected with some Scandinavian Rognvald. No one has as yet given any satisfactory explanation of it. Besides supplying a number of beautifully executed drawings of the Abbey buildings, Mr. Morris has written a general description of them in their present state, and has added some excellent comments on the various architectural features that form the subjects of the plates. The plan of the Abbey was simple. On the south side of the church lay the cloister-garth, surrounded by the usual buildings. Beyond these to the east was the infirmary court, with the infirmary on the east side, and on the south the abbot's hall, raised on a vaulted sub-structure. The domestic offices, the bakehouse and the like, lay to the south-west of the church on the other side of the principal gate-house. The sacristy seems to have taken the place of an early south transept, and beyond it is the square chapter-house with a central pier, from which spread vaulted ribs that carried the roof. Above these two buildings, which, like the choir, are of the fifteenth century, are the scriptorium and the library. The long aisleless nave of the church, which seems to have been largely rebuilt about the middle of the fourteenth century, presents several points of interest. An etching of the buildings in 1762, which is reproduced here, shows that, though they were then roofless, their walls and gables were still standing "almost entire." From other plates which are also given it is evident that much damage was done to the ruins before the end of the century. It is pleasant to hear that they are now in good hands.

FOLK-LORE OF THE SEA.*

THE Ocean of the Rivers of Story is a Hindoo name for a collection of popular tales, and it might be applied to the works of M. Paul Sébillot. No one perhaps in our time has got together such a vast amount of folk-lore as this industrious student. After recording the *märchen* and the beliefs of Breton peasants in several volumes, he now turns to superstitions about the sea—salt water, sea-fairies, shores, sands, islands, and everything marine. While gathering *märchen* from the bearded lips of fisher-folk he found that they had all sorts of imaginative opinions about the sea, which they took for granted, and which M. Sébillot found it wiser not to dispute. Fishermen are always superstitious. The reason is obvious. Their success depends on unknown combinations of circumstances. Even in fresh water, we none of us know why on some occasions the trout rush like bulldogs at the fly, while on other days that seem just as good you seldom get a single reluctant rise. The sea-going folk sometimes toil all night and catch nothing; sometimes their nets break with the multitude of fish. As there are no manifest natural causes, fanciful supernatural causes are invented. There are certain taboo words, for example, in the North of Scotland. You must not use the word "salmon" when salmon-fishing, probably as you must not talk of fairies but only of "the good folk." *Fuete linguis* is the fisher's motto. Nor may ministers be mentioned, nor pigs. The case is well known of the impious fisher-boy who narrowly escaped the fate of Jonah. When out at sea with the nets, he saw an empty case for packing salmon float by. "That salmon-case would make a fine trough for our minister's pig," cried he, out of wanton mischief, and was presently corrected with a thole-pin. M. Sébillot found his Breton friends not less superstitious than the Aberdeen folk. He collected all that he could learn of their opinions, and he has added a quantity of extracts from books of travel and history.

M. Sébillot begins with the beginning. He asks his sailor

friends how the sea came there, and *à quelle époque la mer a été créée*. This question astonishes them a good deal. The myths of the world have many answers, and occasionally attribute the sea (as in an African fable) to causes which would have amused the author of *Gulliver's Travels*. But, as a rule, myth takes the sea for granted. The sea was there. Earth was fished up by Vishnu, or by a musk-rat, or by Maui, as we prefer Sanskrit, or Iroquois, or Maori conjectures. It is very rare to find earth taken for granted, and sea looked on as the later element. M. Sébillot has only found in France one myth of the origin of the sea. God made it with a dishful of water and three grains of salt. Every one is familiar with the Scandinavian *märchen* "Why the Sea is Salt," and with the magic mill (identical with the Finnish *Sampo*) which grinds salt eternally at the bottom of the deep. But the people who asked the origin of the saltiness of the sea, and answered their own query with a myth, did not, apparently, inquire as to the origin of the sea itself. Uncle Remus's theory of the crayfish is familiar to readers of his wit and wisdom, and that origin of the sea, again, is African. How natural it is that most peoples should possess myths of the origin of earth, taking the sea for granted; while races of which Africa is the *arida nutrix* have myths of the origin of the sea, taking earth for granted. M. Sébillot, however, gives an odd legend from Ceuta, apparently Mussulman, of the creation of the sea. God set bounds to the waters, which they overleaped. Then, in anger, God made mosquitos swallow the sea, which repented when it found itself divided into such minute imprisoned particles, and was set free, after promising obedience. In Mexican myth the mosquito also plays a useful part. The sun once stood still; but the mosquito bit him, and made him start off again in a hurry. In a Breton legend the moon once swallowed the sea to punish it, but disgorged the water as being disagreeably salt. This is a very pretty nature-myth of the tides. M. Sébillot quotes from Macrobius one of the many myths which represent all things as having been made out of the body of a magnified non-natural man or (among savages) beast. We knew the Chaldean Omorca, the Purusha of the Rig Veda, the Scandinavian Ymir, and the Dog of the Taculies; but Macrobius (*Saturnalia*, i. xx.) adds Serapis. Heaven was his head, and his belly was the sea. As to the story of the imprisonment of the sea in the belly of a huge frog (*Relations de la Nouvelle France*, 1636), M. Sébillot might compare the Andaman and Australian variants. But as this tale refers rather to the swallowing of pre-existent waters, not necessarily salt, we regard it rather as analogous to the robbery of the waters by Vritra, in the Veda, than to myths of the origin of the sea. The point is, not that the water comes into existence for the first time, but that the water is recovered after its disappearance.

M. Sébillot next treats of what is less interesting, the slang and the popular and poetical language about the sea. The thieves' argot, *aller faucher au pré dix ans*, for "ten years' penal servitude," is derived from the days of the galley-slaves, who cut with their oar-blades the great green field of salt water. The term is used in *Don Quixote*. Proverbs and popular riddles about the sea next occupy the industrious muse of folk-lore. "We pass, but earth and sea remain," says the Russian proverb. *Riche comme la mer*, says a Gascon saw, dwelling on the great argosies lost in the unfathomable depths. The *devinettes* are stupidly obvious, and, as usual, are much the same all the world over. The uniformity of character so remarkable in early man is nowhere more monotonous than in his rude efforts at humour. M. Sébillot regards the belief that fresh water rises up in the Sicilian sea as a myth, but is it not an actual fact?

Salt sea-water has played a part in religion, superstition, and even in politics. Pliny says that the sea was *taboo* to the Magi. It is also *taboo* to some African kings, of Ashanti or Dahomey, but not for the reason assigned by Pliny. A sea-voyage breaks several castes in modern Hindostan. The Peruvians bathed in rivers which they implored to carry their sins to the sea. On the Eve of St. John, at Naples, as late as 1580, men and women used to wash themselves of their sins in the salt water. Was it for this purpose that, during the Eleusinia, the Greeks used to swim in the sea, accompanied by the sacred pigs of Demeter? Certain gods, in Ceylon, are solemnly bathed in salt water on religious occasions. Plutarch says that salt water will not extinguish fire, but he could not, of course, give the Vedic explanation that Agni, the Fire God, once hid himself in the sea, which remained on friendly terms with fire. Salt water is freely employed in folk-medicine, and, in Brittany, it is believed that the bees go to sea for salt to keep their honey incorrupt. As to sea-foam and the birth of Aphrodite, similar legends are found among the Malays and in the Indian Archipelago, while the Peruvian Foam God, Viracocha, is familiar to mythologists. But whether the Malay tale of a foam-born goddess is indigenous and original, or borrowed from Hellenic sources, it is not possible perhaps to determine. In the Andaman Islands (which "in Greek are sadly to seek") the first woman, like Aphrodite, "came flushed from the full-flushed wave, and imperial, her foot on the sea." According to Dioscorides sea-foam, mulled with wine, is good for making bald men's hair grow. He does not say what wine should be used for this purpose. As to tides and whirlpools, the Fuegians attribute it to the conduct of a marine monster, Lucooma, which swallows and disgorges the water. The Homeric Greeks were in a Fuegian condition of the intellect as far as whirlpools were concerned (*Odyssey*, xii. 238). "For on the one side lay Scylla, and on the other mighty Charybdis in terrible wise sucked down the salt sea-water. As often as she belched it forth, like a cauldron on a great fire, she would seethe up through

* *Légendes, Croquans et Superstitions de la Mer*. Paul Sébillot. Paris: Charpentier. 1886

all her troubled deeps, and overhead the spray fell on the top of either cliff. But oft as she gulped down the salt sea-water, within she was all plain to see," and so on. The Fuegians when in danger at sea sacrifice dogs and children to Lucooma. The explanation of all unintelligible processes by the action of an imaginary animal is very characteristic of the savage intellect. On an American pipe-bowl, carved of black stone, a steamer is represented with the motive power given by a huge serpent. The Chinese take the bore of a certain river, the on-rush of the tide, for the indignation of Wu-tsz-si, a Prime Minister of old times. Wu-tsz-si was a failure; probably he kept worrying the country with repeated general elections, and he was very properly advised to drown himself. But even in death Wu-tsz-si remained a public pest, and his soul it is that raises the troubled river; sacrifices are made to him periodically, and it certainly comes cheaper and easier to drown a turbulent Premier, and offer his ghost bits of gilt paper, than to struggle for ever with him in this life.

M. Sébillot pursues his researches even in the bottom of the sea. The Andamans and Eskimo make this the home of evil spirits. Compare, with M. Sébillot, Davy Jones. According to a Cambridge humourist, Davy is a blighted being. In early youth his expectations were raised to the highest pitch by the Deluge, and he has never since been content. As Robin Ostler never joyed since the price of oats rose, so Davy Jones has been an embittered, disappointed fiend ever since the subsidence of the waters. He regards himself as a demon with a *bien beau passé*. Mermaids naturally furnish M. Sébillot with a good deal of copy; he might almost have filled his basket—we mean his book—with this queer fish alone. He has a useful excursus on isles fabled to have been fished up with a hook by some bait-fisher, as New Zealand was by Maui. His volume is full of good promiscuous reading, and certainly deserves a place in the libraries of the children of *Ma Mère l'Oie*.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE fellow-feeling between our gifted Ouida and Pierre Loti (whom the novelist beloved from Tobolsk to Tangier doth so prefer to all her English contemporaries) is well and harmlessly illustrated in *Pêcheur d'Islande* (1). Except that the French is a great deal better than any English that Ouida can write, *Pêcheur d'Islande* might have come from our gifted countrywoman in one of her milder moods—the moods in which the upholstery is forgotten, and the Seventh Commandment remains unviolated. To drop this rascally, ironic, comparative method, *Pêcheur d'Islande* is a pretty book—a little unreal, a little maudlin-pathetic, but still decidedly pretty. It tells the fortunes—melancholy fortunes, of course—of two Breton fishermen, one of whom finds an early grave in (or about) Tonquin, while the other, postponing out of mere pride his marriage with a beautiful girl who loves him, finds that the rivalry of the sea is terrible, and not to be lightly dared or wantonly given advantage to. We have frequently had the pleasure of acknowledging the powers of the author of *Aziyadé* . He has written stronger books than *Pêcheur d'Islande*, but none prettier.

We do not quite know why the last fruit off that vigorous but crabbed tree, the late M. Jules Vallès, has not reached us before, or has not been noticed before. *L'insurgé* (2) is, without paradox or exaggeration, one of the most instructive and melancholy books of the century. In the earlier numbers of the "Jacques Vingtras" series some glimmers of reason were still discernible. Here almost the last is quenched. There is still pointed and nervous writing, but the guidance of any intelligible theory of life has disappeared. "Jacques Vingtras" expects that society shall maintain him handsomely without his doing any solid work, without his even consenting to forego the most childish outbursts of petulance. Society declines the honour of maintaining J. V. handsomely on these terms, and J. V. becomes an *insurgé*. "Peace be with him," we can say now; an aspiration which, while he was alive, he himself would have been the first to render futile.

As for *Les veillées de St. Pantaléon* (3), what is to be said? Whatever is to be said for M. Armand Silvestre? He is perfectly incorrigible; he is quite disreputable; he is infinitely amusing. There is at least this to be said for him, that no man (for "Gyp" is not a man, but a lady; and M. Silvestre is a man, though not always what English taste would consider a gentleman) writes now in France in a spirit more different from that spirit of the gutter and the bordel which we take pleasure in constantly denouncing. M. Silvestre's avowed object is to make his readers laugh, and he does it, being utterly unscrupulous as to the methods of tickling. This is wrong—if anybody likes, it is very wrong—but it is at least fifty degrees in the moral thermometer above, not merely the sheer pornography of much recent French writing, but the dirty "documents" of Zola et Cie and the passionless, humourless, interestless "analysis" of M. Paul Bourget and his fellows.

Trop belle (4) has made, we believe, a kind of success in Paris; why, we wholly perceive and do not in the least understand. There is the trio; there is a duel; there is a portrait, or

what is meant for a portrait, of a woman who lives only to be admired, and is indifferent what price she pays for the admiration. All which is conventional to the very last degree. It is a pity that M. Ph. Daryl (5) will write novels. He is a very clever man, and his book on England is (to say the least) the best written since Taine and Esquiros. But he has no lightness of touch, and he cannot tell a story so as to make it go trippingly off. *Argine Lamiral* (6) is pathetic, but has a certain amount of what we can only call naturalist inconsequence about it. The opening scene—a raft voyage on the Seine—is capitably done, but has nothing to do with anything, and the misfortunes of the heroine are nearly as preposterous as they are pathetic. A woman who gives up her honour out of bad temper because she wishes her seducer to be "infâme jusqu'au bout" is a little too topsyturvy. *Le gars Perrier* (7), dedicated to M. Théodore de Banville, and written in French not unworthy of such patronage, is one of the numerous, painful, and, as far as we can see, quite unprofitable, books which show the brutality or (not to be unfair to brutes) the inhumanity of the French peasantry. *La Madone* (8), by an author who has made some mark in more than one field of letters, has not a little merit. It tells how a prosperous artist fell into and (luckily for him) out of the toils of an Italian adventuress. M. Jacques Normand repeatedly speaks of an American who plays the part of good genius as "Sir" Harris Burnett. The blunder, of course, is common enough, but could any English or German man of letters of equal standing with M. Normand's commit anything like it? We trow not. In *La femme de chambre* (9) there is little merit. It is not even very "shoking," and if MM. Vast-Ricouard are not "shoking," what are they? Nor do we perceive why M. Paul de Molènes's *Briolan* (10) (for that is the sub-title) should have the distinguished honour of appearing or reappearing with the aid of M. Jouaust's unsurpassed typography and "get-up." It is neither a very good tale nor very well told. Lastly, we have before us two translations, one from the well-known Galician novelist Franzos (11), the other from the still better known Russian Dostoevsky (12). The latter is, indeed, not so much a novel as a narrative arrangement of the author's experiences of prison and exile. The translator adds a useful reminder that Dostoevsky was not a Nihilist, but a prisoner of '48. As for Herr Franzos, he is distinctly a strong man and his works prove him such.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

PROFESSOR HOSMER'S contribution to "The Story of the Nations"—*The Jews in Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Times* (Fisher Unwin)—accords so completely with the literary scheme of the series for which it is designed that it were ungracious to dilate on shortcomings which are in a great measure almost inevitable in the circumstances. The author's undertaking is to tell a story, not to compile a *précis* of history, and the former enterprise is obviously more compatible with the limits prescribed than the latter. While, however, the story of the Jews is skilfully told from the historic picturesque point of view, the book is somewhat wanting in that sustaining power of cohesion without which no narrative can withstand the penetrative inquiry of the diligent reader. Professor Hosmer seems to have preferred any kind of authority to that of the Pentateuch and the prophets. The pregnant testimony of Paul of Tarsus, a Jew brought up according to the perfect law at the feet of Gamaliel, is considered in a few brief paragraphs, while a whole chapter is devoted to Shylock and the Wandering Jew, and another to the oft-told record of Sir Moses Montefiore's philanthropy. Many are the pauses in the narrative that require to be bridged over by the reader. The evolution of the Jewish people, from the institution of the law to the final dispersion after the fall of Jerusalem under Titus, is presented with but slight show of continuity in the chapters that form Part I. From the graphic description of the siege of Jerusalem we pass to a brief notice of the Talmud, and thence to the sufferings of the Jews in Spain under the Inquisition, and the barbarous persecution in Germany and other countries. This breathless progress can scarcely afford the student much enlightenment as to the march of the Jew in his "long pilgrimage through the centuries," though it is favourable to the strong dramatic contrasts, the vivid picture-making, the picturesque generalizations, and other popular features of Professor Hosmer's style. The book possesses much of the interest, the suggestiveness, and the charm of romance. It may be likened to a vast scenic panorama which, though continuously unrolled, is only fitfully illuminated by brilliant flashes, whose very intensity accentuates the dark intervals, though admirably conducive to the sharpness and vitality of the impression. Occasionally, it is true, Professor Hosmer's story is deficient in lucidity, as when he undertakes to tell how the

(5) *La petite Lambton*. Par Ph. Daryl. Paris: Hetzel.

(6) *Argine Lamiral*. Par Ph. Chaperon. Paris: Lemerre.

(7) *Le gars Perrier*. Par R. de la Villehervé. Paris: Ollendorff.

(8) *La Madone*. Par Jacques Normand. Paris: Ollendorff.

(9) *La femme de chambre*. Par Vast-Ricouard. Paris: Marpon & Flammarion.

(10) *Aventures du temps passé*. Par P. de Molènes. Tome IV. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(11) *Pauvre Moschko*. Par K. E. Franzos. Paris: Plon.

(12) *Souvenirs de la maison des morts*. Par Dostoevsky. Paris: Plon.

(1) *Pêcheur d'Islande*. Par Pierre Loti. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *L'insurgé*. Par Jules Vallès. Paris: Charpentier.

(3) *Les veillées de St. Pantaléon*. Par A. Silvestre. Paris: Ollendorff.

(4) *Trop belle*. Par H. de Pène. Paris: Ollendorff.

rabbis wrought the Talmud (ch. ix.) He quotes, for instance, Reinach's opinion of the historical importance of the Talmud and its unmerited depreciation by certain modern critics, yet he strangely omits to elucidate the basis of his agreement with Reinach. Here, at least, the author is not proof against the dangers that attend the popular treatment of a complex theme. The concluding portion of the volume is chiefly composed of sketches of illustrious Jews in recent times. Some of these are meagre or wholly inadequate, as in the chapter descriptive of the careers of Lasker, Gambetta, Isaac Disraeli, and Lord Beaconsfield; others are graceful and sympathetic, as the sketches of the Mendelssohns, the Rothschilds, and Heine. Some poor engravings and ordinary maps add nothing to the attractions of the book.

Even in these days of popular scientific handbooks, it would be difficult to match the comprehensive scheme of M. Trouessart's *Microbes, Ferments, and Moulds* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) This interesting volume is the latest addition to the "International Scientific Series," and it is intended to be "intelligible to all." According to the author's ingenious preface, the work will be of utility to the engineer, the architect, the manufacturer, the agriculturist, the man of the world who loves to share a scientific discussion; and as questions of hygiene are intimately connected with micrography, the function of microbes "concerns us all." It is needless to observe that this tolerably exalted estimate must be accepted with certain reservations. Brewers and vineyard proprietors are already well supplied with practical treatises on ferments, and many are the trustworthy books that treat of the parasitic growths that afflict the farmer's crops. More important, and more in consonance with the author's preface, are the chapters that deal with microbes that produce disease in man and animals, and the section that treats of antiseptic surgery and the methods of dressing wounds introduced by Guérin and Lister. M. Trouessart's faith in M. Pasteur and Dr. Koch is curiously displayed in his explicit résumé of the scientific results of the experimentalists in bacteria culture and inoculation. He writes of the rabies microbe and the cholera bacillus as if they involved no debatable questions. He accepts Koch's views of the cholera bacillus without questioning, though not a few excellent authorities regard that terrible discovery—which enjoyed a popular and fearful vogue for a season—with much incredulity. M. Trouessart's book is very fully illustrated, and its agreeable, fluent style will doubtless render it popular.

It is a little strange that it should be left to Mr. William Raeburn Andrew to compile the first "separate and complete" *Life of Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.* (W. H. Allen & Co.) The present brief memoir is based on a number of familiar works, and contains little novel information. The catalogue of Raeburn's works in the appendix is useful, but in other respects the book will scarcely interest artists. From Cunningham, Redgrave, and other well-known authorities many passages are incorporated in the text, sometimes without any signs of quotation, as in the paragraph from Redgrave (p. 51), with its absurd and unconscious antithesis. The volume is comely as to type and paper, and illustrated by two good autotypes of the portraits of the painter and his wife.

The Olive Leaf, by Dr. Macmillan (Macmillan & Co.), comprises a number of didactic essays and short pieces in blank verse distinguished by the felicity of style, delicate insight, and apt application of the phenomena of nature to spiritual truths that have rendered the author's previous writings popular. These fresh studies of forest trees, foliage, and wild flowers are very pleasant reading. The didacticism is presented in a vein of quiet and unobtrusive reflection, and is seldom burdened by artifice or conscious ingenuity. Occasionally we may find a pretty descriptive passage marred by an inelegant expression, as when we read of the germander speedwell—"its heavenly colour, like that of the sky from which it has got it" (p. 153). Moreover, as all veronicas are not blue, the author's derivation of the generic name *vera icon*, or true image, from the fact that the flower mirrors the blue sky, is at fault. The true derivation must be referred to the rectangular disposition of the leaves, whose regular alternations on the stem form a perfect cross. Such slips as these are, it is true, not numerous, though noticeable.

All lovers of nature and students of bird-life should be grateful to "An Oxford Tutor" for the delightful series of papers entitled *A Year with the Birds* (Oxford: Blackwell). The author approves himself a true disciple of Gilbert White by the patience and solicitude of his observation, his keen and just conclusions, and his loyal admiration of Virgil. His critical essay on the birds of Virgil is full of suggestion. "An Oxford Tutor," by the way, should not misquote Milton. "Fresh fields and pastures new" is quite as popular a tautology as the "few and far between" visits of angels. It is, however, when we accompany the author in his rambles about Oxford, when he wanders in Christchurch meadows or Magdalen Park, or takes his meditative stroll along the Cherwell to Parsons' Pleasure, that we feel the full charm of his society. His remarks on the imitative power of birds, exemplified by the sedge-warbler's travesty of the blackbird (p. 35), and his comparison of their song with the musical scale, together with much pleasant discourse on their social instincts and domestic life, reveal the sympathy and accurate judgment of a true naturalist.

Dulce "Domum!" (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) is a collection of essays on "The Pleasures of Home," reprinted from these columns,

and now endowed with the additional attraction of tasteful binding and the advantage of continuity.

The abridgment of *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table* in the "World Library" (Routledge) we cannot pretend to view with favour. It is, indeed, an indignity to truncate Dr. Holmes's work, and altogether gratuitous, as we have already more than one cheap complete edition.

The researches of Captain R. C. Temple and other specialists have awakened quite a lively interest in Indian folk-lore. Some very curious and interesting popular stories, illustrative chiefly of the sources of Tamil proverbs, are collected by Mr. Natésa Sâstri in two little books entitled *Folk-lore of Southern India* (Trübner & Co.) In some of these the element of grotesque is exceedingly striking.

The Strength and Weakness of the British Empire (Wyman & Sons) is an energetic appeal to working-men to free themselves from the blind guidance of some of their political friends. This timely exhortation may possibly induce working-men to study history and to think independently. Yet the author's book is less praiseworthy in execution than in aim. It lacks the strength of simplicity.

Mr. William Gibbs's *Ambulance Lectures* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) is a most valuable elementary guide to members of ambulance associations. It conveys all the necessary instruction in the clearest and most practical form, and shows how to render efficaciously that "first aid to the injured" which is so imperative in accidents. The illustrations and diagrams are excellent.

We have received the sixth edition of the "J. E. M." *Guide to Switzerland* (Wyman & Sons); *India's Needs*, by Dr. John Murdoch (Madras: Tract Depot); the *Teacher's Manual*, a key to Miss Sheldon's *Studies in General History* (Boston: Heath); *Mathias, and other Poems*, by James J. Hatch (Remington & Co.); the eighth edition of Mr. Robert Murray's *Marine Engines and Steam Vessels* (Crosby Lockwood & Co.); and *Billy, and other Ballads*, by C. J. Corrie (Bristol: Arrowsmith).

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